7.

THE HONORABLE HISTORIE of frier Bacon, and frier Bongay.

As it was plaid by her Maiesties seruants.

Made by *Robert Greene* Maister of Arts.

LONDON,
Printed for Edward White, and are to be sold at his shop, at the little North dore of Poules, at the signe of the Gun. 1594.

Phot. of HEH 30167

THE HONOVRABLE
Hiſtorie of Frier Bacon.

Enter, Edward the firſt malcontented with Lacy earle of Lincolne, Iohn Warren earle of Suſſex, and Ermsbie gentleman: Raph Simnell the kings foole.

Lacie.

WHY lookes my lord like to a troubled skie,
When heauens bright ſhine, is ſhadowed with a fogge:
A late we ran the deere and through the Lawndes
Stript with our nagges the loftie frolicke bucks,
That ſcudded fore the teiſers like the wind,
Nere was the Deere of merry Freſingfield,
So luſtily puld down by iolly mates,
Nor ſharde the Farmers ſuch fat veniſon,
So franckly dealt this hundred yeares before:
Nor haue I ſeene my lord more frolicke in the chace,
And now changde to a melancholie dumpe.

Warren. After the Prince got to the keepers lodge
And had been iocand in the houſe a while:
Toſsing of ale and milke in countrie cannes,
Whether it was the countries ſweete content:
Or els the bonny damſell fild vs drinke
That ſeemd ſo ſtately in her ſtammell red:
Or that a qualme did croſſe his ſtomacke then,
But ſtraight he fell into his paſsions.

Ermsbie. Sirra *Raphe*, what ſay you to your maiſter,

Shall he thus all amort liue malecontent.

Raphe. Heereſt thou Ned, nay looke if hee will ſpeake to me.

Edward. What ſayſt thou to me foole?

Raphe. I pree thee tell me Ned, art thou in loue with the keepers daughter?

Edward. How if I be, what then?

Raphe. Why then ſirha Ile teach thee how to deceiue loue.

Edward. How *Raphe.*

Raphe. Marrie ſirha Ned, thou ſhalt put on my cap, and my coat, and my dagger, and I will put on thy clothes, and thy ſword, and ſo thou ſhalt be my foole.

Edward. And what of this?

Raphe. Why ſo thou ſhalt beguile Loue, for Loue is ſuch a proud ſcab, that he will neuer meddle with fooles nor children, Is not *Raphes* counſell good Ned.

Edward. Tell me Ned Lacie, didſt thou marke the mayd,
How liuely in her country weedes ſhe lookt:
A bonier wench all Suffolke cannot yeeld,
All Suffolke, nay all England holds none ſuch.

Raphe. Sirha, Will Ermsby, Ned is deceiued.

Ermsbie. Why *Raphe*?

Raphe. He ſaies all England hath no ſuch, and I ſay, and Ile ſtand to it, there is one better in Warwickſhire.

Warren. How prooueſt thou that *Raphe*?

Raphe. Why is not the Abbot a learned man, and hath red many bookes, and thinkeſt thou he hath not more learning than thou to chooſe a bonny wench, yes I warrant thee by his whole grammer.

Ermsby. A good reaſon *Raphe.*

Edward. I tell the Lacie, that her ſparkling eyes,
Doe lighten forth ſweet Loues alluring fire:
And in her treſſes ſhe doth fold the lookes
Of ſuch as gaze vpon her golden haire,
Her baſhfull white mixt with the mornings red,
Luna doth boaſt vpon her louely cheekes,

Her front is beauties table where she paints,
The glories of her gorgious excellence:
Her teeth are shelues of pretious *Margarites*,
Richly enclosed with ruddie curroll cleues.
Tush Lacie, she is beauties ouermatch,
If thou survuaist her curious imagerie.

Lacie. I grant my lord the damsell is as faire,
As simple Suffolks homely towns can yeeld:
But in the court be quainter dames than she,
Whose faces are enricht with honours taint,
Whose bewties stand vpon the stage of fame,
And vaunt their trophies in the courts of loue.

Edw. Ah Ned, but hadst thou watcht her as my self,
And seene the secret bewties of the maid,
Their courtly coinesse were but foolery.

Ermsbie. Why how watcht you her my lord?

Edward. When as she swept like *Venus* through the house,
And in her shape fast foulded vp my thoughtes:
Into the Milkhouse went I with the maid,
And there amongst the cream-boles she did shine,
As Pallace, mongst her Princely huswiferie:
She turnd her smocke ouer her Lilly armes,
And diued them into milke to run her cheese:
But whiter than the milke her christall skin,
Checked with lines of Azur made her blush,
That art or nature durst bring for compare,
Ermsbie if thou hadst seene as I did note it well,
How bewtie plaid the huswife, how this girle
Like *Lucrece* laid her fingers to the worke,
Thou wouldest with *Tarquine* hazard Roome and all
To win the louely mayd of Fresingfield.

Raphe. Sirha Ned, wouldst faine haue her?

Edward. I *Raphe.*

Raphe. Why Ned I haue laid the plot in my head thou shalt haue her alreadie.

Edward. Ile giue thee a new coat and learne me that.

Raphe.

Raphe. Why ſirra Ned weel ride to Oxford to Frier *Bacon*, oh he is a braue ſcholler ſirra, they ſay he is a braue Nigromancer, that he can make women of deuils, and hee can iuggle cats into Coſtermongers.

Edward. And how then *Raphe*?

Raphe. Marry ſirha thou ſhalt go to him, and becauſe thy father *Harry* ſhall not miſſe thee, hee ſhall turne me into thee; and Ile to the Court, and Ile prince it out, and he ſhall make thee either a ſilken purſe, full of gold, or elſe a fine wrought ſmocke.

Edward. But how ſhall I haue the mayd?

Raphe. Marry ſirha, if thou beeſt a ſilken purſe full of gold, then on ſundaies ſheele hang thee by her ſide, and you muſt not ſay a word, Now ſir when ſhe comes into a great preaſe of people, for feare of the cut-purſe on a ſodaine ſheele ſwap thee into her plackerd, then ſirha being there you may plead for your ſelfe.

Ermsbie. Excellent pollicie.

Edward. But how if I be a wrought ſmocke.

Raphe. Then ſheele put thee into her cheſt and lay thee into Lauender, and vpon ſome good day ſheele put thee on, and at night when you go to bed, then being turnd from a ſmocke to a man, you may make vp the match.

Lacie. Wonderfully wiſely counſelled *Raphe*.

Edward. *Raphe* ſhall haue a new coate.

Raph. God thanke you when I haue it on my backe Ned,

Edward. *Lacie* the foole hath laid a perfect plot,
For why our countrie *Margret* is ſo coy,
And ſtandes ſo much vpon her honeſt pointes,
That marriage or no market with the mayd:
Ermsbie, it muſt be nigromaticke ſpels,
And charmes of art that muſt inchaine her loue,
Or elſe ſhall *Edward* neuer win the girle,
Therefore my wags weele horſe vs in the morne;
And poſt to Oxford to this iolly Frier,
Bacon ſhall by his magicke doe this deed.

Warren. Content my lord, and thats a ſpeedy way
To weane theſe head-ſtrong puppies from the teat,

Edward. I am vnknowne, not taken for the Prince,
They onely deeme vs frolicke Courtiers,
That reuell thus among our lieges game:
Therefore I haue deuiſed a pollicie,
Lacie, thou knowſt next friday is *S. Iames*,
And then the country flockes to Harliſton faire,
Then will the keepers daughter frolicke there,
And ouer-ſhine the troupe of all the maids,
That come to ſee, and to be ſeene that day.
Haunt thee diſguiſd among the countrie ſwaines,
Fain thart a farmers ſonne, not far from thence,
Eſpie her loues, and who ſhe liketh beſt:
Coat him, and court her to controll the clowne,
Say that the Courtier tyred all in greene,
That helpt her handſomly to run her cheeſe,
And fild her fathers lodge with veniſon,
Commends him, and ſends fairings to her ſelfe,
Buy ſome thing worthie of her parentage,
Not worth her beautie for Lacie then the faire,
Affoords no Iewell fitting for the mayd:
And when thou talkeſt of me, note if ſhe bluſh,
Oh then ſhe loues, but if her cheekes waxe pale,
Diſdaine it is. Lacie ſend how ſhe fares,
And ſpare no time nor coſt to win her loues.

Lacie. I will my lord ſo execute this charge,
As if that Lacie were in loue with her.

Edward. Send letters ſpeedily to Oxford of the newes.

Raphe. And ſirha Lacie, buy me a thouſand thouſand million of fine bels.

Lacie. What wilt thou doe with them Raphe?

Raphe. Mary euery time that Ned ſighs for the keepers daughter, Ile tie a bell about him, and ſo within three or foure daies I will ſend word to his father *Harry*, that his ſonne and my maiſter Ned is become Loues morris dance.

Edward. Well Lacie, looke with care vnto thy charge,
And I will haſt to Oxford to the Frier,

That he by art, and thou by secret gifts,
Maist make me lord of merrie Fresingfield.

Lacie. God send your honour your harts desire. *Exeunt.*

Enter frier Bacon, with Miles his poore scholer with bookes vnder his arme, with them Burden, Mason, Clement, three doctors.

Bacon. Miles where are you?

Miles. *Hic sum doctissime & reuerendissime doctor.*

Bacon. *Attulisti nos libros meos de Necromantia.*

Miles. *Ecce quam bonum & quam iocundum, habitares libros in vnum.*

Bacon. Now maisters of our Academicke state,
That rule in Oxford Vizroies in your place,
Whose heads containe Maps of the liberall arts,
Spending your time in deapth of learned skill,
Why flocke you thus to Bacons secret Cell,
A Frier newly stalde in Brazenmose,
Say whats your mind, that I may make replie.

Burden. Bacon we hear, that long we haue suspect,
That thou art read in Magicks mysterie,
In Piromancie to diuine by flames,
To tell by Hadromaticke, ebbes and tides,
By Aeromancie, to discouer doubts,
To plaine out questions, as Apollo did.

Bacon. Well maister Burden, what of all this?

Miles. Marie sir he doth but fulfill by rehearsing of these names the Fable of the Fox and the grapes, that which is aboue vs, pertains nothing to vs.

Burden. I tell thee Bacon, Oxford makes report,
Nay England, and the court of Henrie saies,
That art making of a brazen head by art,
Which shall vnfold strange doubts and Aphorismes,
And read a lecture in Philosophie,

And by the helpe of Diuels and ghaſtly fiends,
Thou meanſt ere many yeares or daies be paſt,
To compaſſe England with a wall of braſſe.

Bacon. And what of this?

Miles. What of this maiſter, why he doth ſpeak myſtically, for he knowes if your skill faile to make a brazen head, yet mother waters ſtrong ale will fit his turne to make him haue a copper noſe.

Clement. Bacon we come not greeuing at thy skill,
But ioieng that our Academie yeelds
A man ſuppoſde the woonder of the world,
For if thy cunning worke theſe myracles,
England and Europe ſhall admire thy fame,
And Oxford ſhall in characters of braſſe,
And ſtatues, ſuch as were built vp in Rome,
Eternize Frier Bacon for his art.

Maſon. Then gentle Frier, tell vs thy intent.

Bacon. Seeing you come as friends vnto the frier
Reſolue you doctors, Bacon can by bookes,
Make ſtorming Boreas thunder from his caue,
And dimme faire Luna to a darke Eclipſe,
The great arch-ruler, potentate of hell,
Trembles, when Bacon bids him, or his fiends,
Bow to the force of his Pentageron.
What art can worke, the frolicke frier knowes,
And therefore will I turne my Magicke bookes,
And ſtraine out Nigromancie to the deepe,
I haue contrivd and framde a head of braſſe,
(I made Belcephon hammer out the ſtuffe)
And that by art ſhall read Philoſophie,
And I will ſtrengthen England by my skill,
That if ten Cæſars livd and raignd in Rome,
With all the legions Europe doth containe,
They ſhould not touch a graſſe of Engliſh ground,
The worke that Ninus reard at Babylon,
The brazen walles framde by Semiramis,

Carued out like to the portall of the ſunne,
Shall not be ſuch as rings the Engliſh ſtrond:
From Douer to the market place of Rie.

Burden. Is this poſsible?

Miles. Ile bring ye to or three witneſſes.

Burden. What be thoſe?

Miles. Marry ſir three or foure as honeſt diuels, and good companions as any be in hell.

Maſon. No doubt but magicke may doe much in this,
For he that reades but Mathematicke rules,
Shall finde concluſions that auaile to worke,
Wonders that paſſe the common ſenſe of men.

Burden. But *Bacon* roues a bow beyond his reach,
And tels of more than magicke can performe:
Thinking to get a fame by fooleries,
Haue I not paſt as farre in ſtate of ſchooles:
And red of many ſecrets, yet to thinke,
That heads of Braſſe can vtter any voice,
Or more, to tell of deepe philoſophie,
This is a fable *Æſop* had forgot.

Bacon. *Burden*, thou wrongſt me in detracting thus,
Bacon loues not to ſtuffe himſelfe with lies:
But tell me fore theſe Doctors if thou dare,
Of certaine queſtions I ſhall moue to thee.

Burden. I will aske what thou can.

Miles. Marrie ſir heele ſtraight be on your pickpacke to knowe whether the feminine or the maſculin gender be moſt worthie.

Bacon. Were you not yeſterday maiſter Burden at Henly vpon the Thembs?

Burden. I was, what then?

Bacon. What booke ſtudied you there on all night?

Burden. I, none at all I red not there a line.

Bacon. Then doctors, Frier *Bacons* art knowes nought.

Clement. What ſay you to this maiſter Burden doth hee not touch you?

Burden. I paſſe not of his friuolous ſpeeches.

Miles. Nay maiſter Burden, my maiſter ere hee hath done with you, will turne you from a doctor to a dunce, and ſhake you ſo ſmall, that he will leaue no more learning in you than is in *Balaams* Aſſe.

Bacon. Maiſters, for that learned Burdens skill is deepe,
And ſore he doubts of *Bacons Cabaliſme*:
Ile ſhew you why he haunts to Henly oft,
Not doctors for to taſt the fragrant aire:
But there to ſpend the night in Alcumie,
To multiplie with ſecret ſpels of art.
Thus priuat ſteales he learning from vs all,
To prooue my ſayings true, Ile ſhew you ſtraight,
The booke he keepes at Henly for himſelfe.

Miles. Nay now my maiſter goes to coniuration, take heede.

Bacon. Maiſters ſtand ſtill, feare not, Ile ſhewe you but his booke.

Heere he coniures.

Per omnes deos infernales Belcephon.

Enter a woman with a ſhoulder of mutton *on a ſpit, and a Deuill.*

Miles. Oh maiſter ceaſe your coniuration, or you ſpoile all, for heeres a ſhee diuell come with a ſhoulder of mutton on a ſpit, you haue mard the diuels ſupper, but no doubt hee thinkes our Colledge fare is ſlender, and ſo hath ſent you his cooke with a ſhoulder of mutton to make it exceed.

Hoſteſſe. Oh where am I, or whats become of me.

Bacon. What art thou?

Hoſteſſe. Hoſteſſe at Henly miſtreſſe of the Bell.

Bacon. How cameſt thou heere.

Hoſteſſe. As I was in the kitchen mongſt the maydes,
Spitting the meate againſt ſupper for my gueſſe:
A motion mooued me to looke forth of dore.

No sooner had I pried into the yard,
But straight a whirlewind hoisted me from thence,
And mounted me aloft vnto the cloudes:
As in a trance I thought nor feared nought,
Nor know I where or whether I was tane:
Nor where I am, nor what these persons be.

Bacon. No, know you not maister Burden.

Hostesse. Oh yes good sir, he is my daily guest,
What maister Burden, twas but yesternight,
That you and I at Henly plaid at cardes.

Burden. I knowe not what we did, a poxe of all coniuring Friers.

Clement. Now iolly Frier tell vs, is this the booke that Burden is so carefull to looke on?

Bacon. It is, but Burden tell me now,
Thinkest thou that Bacons Nicromanticke skill,
Cannot performe his head and wall of Brasse,
When he can fetch thine hostesse in such post.

Miles. Ile warrant you maister, if maister Burden could coniure as well as you, hee would haue his booke euerie night from Henly to study on at Oxford.

Mason. Burden what are you mated by this frolicke Frier,
Looke how he droops, his guiltie conscience
Driues him to bash and makes his hostesse blush.

Bacon. Well mistres for I wil not haue you mist,
You shall to Henly to cheere vp your guests
Fore supper ginne, Burden bid her adew,
Say farewell to your hostesse fore she goes,
Sirha away, and set her safe at home.

Hostesse. Maister Burden, when shall we see you at Henly.

Exeunt Hostesse and the Deuill.

Burden. The deuill take thee and Henly too.

Miles. Maister shall I make a good motion.

Bacon. Whats that?

Miles. Marry sir nowe that my hostesse is gone to prouide

supper,

ſupper, coniure vp another ſpirite, and ſend doctor Burden flying after.

Bacon. Thus rulers of our Accademicke ſtate,
You haue ſeene the Frier frame his art by proofe:
And as the colledge called Brazennoſe,
Is vnder him and he the maiſter there:
So ſurely ſhall this head of braſſe be framde,
And yeeld forth ſtrange and vnçoth *Aphoriſmes*:
And Hell and Heccate ſhall faile the Frier,
But I will circle England round with braſſe.

Miles. So be it, *& nunc & ſemper*, Amen.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Margaret the faire mayd of Freſingfield, with Thomas and Ione, and other clownes: Lacie diſguiſed in countrie apparell.

Thomas. By my troth Margret heeres a wether is able to make a man call his father whorſon, if this wether hold wee ſhall haue hay good cheape, and butter and cheeſe at Harliſton will beare no price.

Margret. Thomas, maides when they come to ſee the faire,
Count not to make a cope for dearth of hay,
When we haue turnd our butter to the ſalt,
And ſet our cheeſe ſafely vpon the rackes.
Then let our fathers priſe it as they pleaſe,
We countrie ſluts of merry Freſingfield,
Come to buy needleſſe noughts to make vs fine,
And looke that yong-men ſhould be francke this day,
And court vs with ſuch fairings as they can.
Phœbus is blythe and frolicke lookes from heauen,
As when he courted louely Semele:
Swearing the pedlers ſhall haue emptie packs,
If that faire wether may make chapmen buy.

Lacie. But louely Peggie Semele is dead,
And therefore *Phœbus* from his pallace pries,

And seeing such a sweet and seemly saint,
Shewes all his glories for to court your selfe.

Margret. This is a fairing gentle sir indeed,
To sooth me vp with such a smooth flatterie,
But learne of me your scoffes to broad before:
Well Ione our bewties must abide their iestes,
We serue the turne in iolly Fresingfield.

Ione. Margret, a farmers daughter for a farmers sonne,
I warrant you the meanest of vs both,
Shall haue a mate to leade vs from the Church:
But Thomas whats the newes? what in a dumpe.
Giue me your hand, we are neere a pedlers shop,
Out with your purse we must haue fairings now.

Thomas. Faith Ione and shall, Ile bestow a fairing on you, and then we will to the Tauern, and snap off a pint of wine or two.

All this while Lacie *whispers* Margret *in the eare.*

Margret. Whence are you sir, of Suffolke, for your tearmes are finer than the common sort of men?

Lacie. Faith louely girle, I am of Beckles by,
Your neighbour not aboue six miles from hence,
A farmers sonne that neuer was so quaint,
But that he could do courtesie to such dames:
But trust me Margret I am sent in charge,
From him that reueld in your fathers house,
And fild his Lodge with cheere and venison,
Tyred in greene, he sent you this rich purse:
His token, that he helpt you run your cheese,
And in the milkhouse chatted with your selfe.

Margret. To me, you forget your selfe.

Lacie. Women are often weake in memorie.

Margret. Oh pardon sir, I call to mind the man,
T'were little manners to refuse his gift,
And yet I hope he sends it not for loue:
For we haue little leisure to debate of that.

Ione. What Margret bluſh not, mayds muſt haue their loues.

Thomas. Nay by the maſſe ſhe lookes pale as if ſhe were angrie.

Richard. Sirha are you of Beckls? I pray how dooth good-man Cob, my father bought a horſe of him, Ile tell you Marget, a were good to be a gentlemans iade, for of all things the foule hilding could not abide a doongcart.

Margret. How different is this farmer from the reſt,
That earſt as yet hath pleaſd my wandring ſight,
His words are wittie, quickened with a ſmile,
His courteſie gentle, ſmelling of the court,
Facill and debonaire in all his deeds,
Proportiond as was Paris, when in gray,
He courted Aenon in the vale by Troy.
Great lords haue come and pleaded for my loue,
Who but the keepers laſſe of Freſingfield,
And yet me thinks this Farmers iolly ſonne,
Paſſeth the prowdeſt that hath pleaſd mine eye.
But Peg diſcloſe not that thou art in loue,
And ſhew as yet no ſigne of loue to him,
Although thou well wouldſt wiſh him for thy loue
Keepe that to thee till time doth ſerue thy turne,
To ſhew the greefe wherein thy heart doth burne.
Come Ione and Thomas, ſhall we to the faire,
You Beckls man will not forſake vs now,

Lacie. Not whilſt I may haue ſuch quaint girls as you,

Margret. Well if you chaunce to come by Freſingfield,
Make but a ſtep into the keepers lodge,
And ſuch poore fare as Woodmen can affoord,
Butter and cheeſe, creame, and fat veniſon,
You ſhall haue ſtore, and welcome therewithall.

Lacie. Gramarcies Peggie, looke for me eare long.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Henry the third, the emperour, the king of Caſtile, Elinor his daughter, Iaques Vandermaſt a Germaine.

Henrie. Great men of Europe, monarks of the Weſt,
Ringd with the wals of old *Oceanus*,
Whoſe loftie ſurges like the batteiments,
That compaſt high built Babell in with towers,
Welcome my lords, welcome braue weſterne kings,
To Englands ſhore, whoſe promontorie cleeues,
Shewes Albion is another little world,
Welcome ſayes Engliſh Henrie to you all,
Chiefly vnto the louely Eleanour,
Who darde for Edwards ſake cut through the ſeas,
And venture as Agenors damſell through the deepe,
To get the loue of Henries wanton ſonne.

Caſtile. Englands rich Monarch braue Plantagenet,
The Pyren mounts ſwelling aboue the clouds,
That ward the welthie Caſtile in with walles,
Could not detaine the beautious Eleanour,
But hearing of the fame of Edwards youth,
She darde to brooke *Neptunus* haughtie pride,
And bide the brunt of froward Eolus,
Then may faire England welcome her the more.

Elinor. After that Engliſh Henrie by his lords,
Had ſent prince Edwards louely counterfeit,
A preſent to the Caſtile Elinor,
The comly pourtrait of ſo braue a man,
The vertuous fame diſcourſed of his deeds,
Edwards couragious reſolution,
Done at the holy land fore Damas walles,
Led both mine eye and thoughts in equall links,
To like ſo of the Engliſh Monarchs ſonne,
That I attempted perrils for his ſake.

Emperour. Where is the Prince, my lord?

Henrie. He poſted down, not long ſince from the court,

To

To Suffolke ſide, to merrie Fremingham,
To ſport himſelfe amongſt my fallow deere,
From thence by packets ſent to Hampton houſe,
We heare the Prince is ridden with his lords,
To Oxford, in the Academie there,
To heare diſpute amongſt the learned men,
But we will ſend foorth letters for my ſonne,
To will him come from Oxford to the court.

Empe. Nay rather Henrie let vs as we be,
Ride for to viſite Oxford with our traine,
Faine would I ſee your Vniuerſities,
And what learned men your Academie yields,
From Haſpurg haue I brought a learned clarke,
To hold diſpute with Engliſh Orators.
This doctor ſurnamde Iaques Vandermaſt,
A Germaine borne, paſt into Padua,
To Florence, and to faire Bolonia,
To Paris, Rheims, and ſtately Orleans,
And talking there with men of art, put downe
The chiefeſt of them all in Aphoriſmes,
In Magicke, and the Mathematicke rules,
Now let vs Henrie trie him in your ſchooles.

Henrie. He ſhal my lord, this motion likes me wel,
Weele progreſſe ſtraight to Oxford with our trains,
And ſee what men our Academie brinｇes.
And woonder Vandermaſt welcome to me
In Oxford ſhalt thou find a iollie frier,
Cald Frier Bacon, Englands only flower
Set him but Non-plus in his magicke ſpels,
And make him yeeld in Mathematicke rules,
And for thy glorie I will bind thy browes,
Not with a poets garland made of Baies,
But with a coronet of choiceſt gold,
Whilſt then we fit to Oxford with our troupes,
Lets in and banquet in our Engliſh court. *Exit.*

Enter Raphe Simnell in Edwardes apparrell, Edward, Warren, Ermsby disguised.

Raphe. Where be these vacabond knaues that they attend no better on their maister?

Edward. If it please your honour we are all ready at an inch.

Raphe. Sirha Ned, Ile haue no more post horse to ride on, Ile haue another fetch.

Ermsbie. I pray you how is that my Lord?

Raphe. Marrie sir, Ile send to the Ile of Eely for foure or fiue dozen of Geese, and Ile haue them tide six and six together with whipcord, Now vpon their backes will I haue a faire field bed, with a Canapie, and so when it is my pleasure Ile flee into what place I please; this will be easie.

Warren. Your honour hath said well, but shall we to Brasennose Colledge before we pull off our bootes.

Ermsbie. Warren well motioned, wee will to the Frier Before we reuell it within the towne.
Raphe see you keepe your countenance like a Prince.

Raphe. Wherefore haue I such a companie of cutting knaues to wait vpon me, but to keep and defend my countenance against all mine enemies: haue you not good swords and bucklers.

Enter Bacon and Miles.

Ermsbie. Stay who comes heere.

Warren. Some scholler, and weele aske him where Frier Bacon is.

Bacon. Why thou arrant dunce shal I neuer make thee good scholler, doth not all the towne crie out, and say, Frier Bacons subsiser is the greatest blockhead in all Oxford, why thou canst not speake one word of true Latine.

Miles. No sir, yes what is this els; *Ego rum tuus homo*, I am your man, I warrant you sir as good Tullies phrase as any is in Oxford.

Bacon.

Bacon. Come on ſirha, what part of ſpeech is *Ego*.

Miles. *Ego*, that is I, marrie *nomen ſubſtantiuo*.

Bacon. How prooue you that?

Miles. Why ſir let him prooue himſelfe and a will, I can be hard felt and vnderſtood.

Bacon. Oh groſſe dunce.

Here beate him.

Edw. Come let vs breake off this diſpute betweene theſe two. Sirha, where is Brazennoſe Colledge.

Miles. Not far from Copper-ſmithes hall.

Edward. What doeſt thou mocke me.

Miles. Not I ſir, but what would you at Brazennoſe?

Ermsbie. Marrie we would ſpeake with frier Bacon.

Miles. Whoſe men be you.

Ermsbie. Marrie ſcholler heres our maiſter.

Raphe. Sirha I am the maiſter of theſe good fellowes, mayſt thou not know me to be a Lord by my reparrell.

Miles. Then heeres good game for the hawke, for heers the maiſter foole, and a couie of Cockscombs, one wiſe man I thinke would ſpring you all.

Edward. Gogs wounds Warren kill him.

Warren. Why Ned I thinke the deuill be in my ſheath, I cannot get out my dagger.

Ermsbie. Nor I mine, Swones Ned I thinke I am bewitcht.

Miles. A companie of ſcabbes, the proudeſt of you all drawe your weapon if he can,
See how boldly I ſpeake now my maiſter is by.

Edward. I ſtriue in vaine, but if my ſword be ſhut,
And coniured faſt by magicke in my ſheath,
Villaine heere is my fiſt.

Strike him a box on the eare.

Miles. Oh I beſeech you coniure his hands too, that he may not lift his armes to his head, for he is light fingered.

Raphe. Ned ſtrike him, Ile warrant thee by mine honour.

Bacon. What meanes the Engliſh prince to wrong my man,

Edward. To whom ſpeakeſt thou.

Bacon. To thee.

Edward. Who art thou.

Bacon. Could you not iudge when all your ſwords grew faſt,
That frier Bacon was not farre from hence:
Edward king Henries ſonne and Prince of Wales,
Thy foole diſguiſd cannot conceale thy ſelfe,
I know both Ermsbie and the Suſſex Earle,
Els Frier Bacon had but little skill.
Thou comeſt in poſt from merrie Freſingfield,
Faſt fancied to the keepers bonny laſſe,
To craue ſome ſuccour of the iolly Frier,
And Lacie Eare of Lincolne haſt thou left,
To treat faire Margret to allow thy loues:
But friends are men, and loue can baffle lords.
The Earle both woes and courtes her for himſelfe.

VVarren. Ned this is ſtrange, the frier knoweth al.

Ermsbie. Appollo could not vtter more than this.

Edward. I ſtand amazed to heare this iolly Frier,
Tell euen the verie ſecrets of my thoughts:
But learned Bacon ſince thou knoweſt the cauſe,
Why I did poſt ſo faſt from Freſingfield.
Helpe Frier at a pinch, that I may haue
The loue of louely Margret to my ſelfe;
And as I am true Prince of Wales, Ile giue
Liuing and lands to ſtrength thy colledge ſtate.

VVarren. Good Frier helpe the Prince in this.

Raphe. Why ſeruant Ned, will not the frier doe it. Were not my ſword glued to my ſcabberd by coniuration, I would cut off his head and make him do it by force.

Miles. In faith my lord, your manhood and your ſword all alike, they are ſo faſt conured that we ſhall neuer ſee them.

Ermsbie. Wat doctor in a dumpe, tuſh helpe the prince,
And thou ſhalt ſee how liberall he will prooue,

Bacon. Craue not ſuch actions, greater dumps than theſe,
I will my lord ſtraine out my magicke ſpels,
For this day comes the earle to Freſingfield,

And fore that night ſhuts in the day with darke,
Theile be betrothed ech to other faſt:
But come with me, weele to my ſtudie ſtraight,
And in a glaſſe proſpectiue I will ſhew
Whats done this day in merry Freſingfield.

Edward. Gramercies Bacon, I will quite thy paine.

Bacon. But ſend your traine my lord into the towne,
My ſcholler ſhall go bring them to their Inne:
Meane while weele ſee the knauerie of the earle.

Edward. Warren leaue me and Ermsbie, take the foole,
Let him be maiſter and go reuell it,
Till I and Frier Bacon talke a while.

Warren. We will my lord.

Raphe. Faith Ned and Ile lord it out till thou comeſt, Ile be Prince of Wales ouer all the blacke pots in Oxford.

Exeunt.

Bacon and Edward goes into the ſtudy.

Bacon. Now frolick Edward, welcome to my Cell,
Heere tempers Frier Bacon many toies:
And holds this place his conſiſtorie court,
Wherin the diuels pleads homage to his words,
Within this glaſſe proſpectiue thou ſhalt ſee
This day whats done in merry Freſingfield,
Twixt louely Peggie and the Lincolne earle.

Edward. Frier thou gladſt me, now ſhall Edward trie,
How Lacie meaneth to his ſoueraigne lord.

Bacon. Stand there and looke directly in the glaſſe,

Enter Margret and Frier Bungay.

Bacon. What ſees my lord.

Edward. I ſee the keepers louely laſſe appeare,
As bright-ſunne as the parramour of Mars,

Onely

Onely attended by a iolly frier.

Bacon. Sit ſtill and keepe the chriſtall in your eye,

Margret. But tell me frier Bungay is it true,
That this faire courtious countrie ſwaine,
Who ſaies his father is a farmer nie,
Can be lord Lacie earle of Lincolnſhire.

Bungay. Peggie tis true, tis Lacie for my life,
Or elſe mine art and cunning both doth faile:
Left by prince Edward to procure his loues,
For he in greene that holpe you runne your cheeſe,
Is ſonne to Henry and the prince of Wales.

Margret. Be what he will his lure is but for luſt.
But did lord Lacie like poore Margret,
Or would he daine to wed a countrie laſſe,
Frier, I would his humble handmayd be,
And for great wealth, quite him with courteſie.

Bungay. Why Margret doeſt thou loue him.

Margret. His perſonage like the pride of vaunting Troy,
Might well auouch to ſhadow Hellens cape:
His wit is quicke and readie in conceit,
As Greece affoorded in her chiefeſt prime
Courteous, ah Frier full of pleaſing ſmiles,
Truſt me I loue too much to tell thee more,
Suffice to me he is Englands parramour.

Bungay. Hath not ech eye that viewd thy pleaſing face,
Surnamed thee faire maid of Freſingfield.

Margret. Yes Bungay, and would God the louely Earle
Had that in *eſſe*, that ſo many ſought.

Bungay. Feare not, the Frier will not be behind,
To ſhew his cunning to entangle loue.

Edward. I thinke the Frier courts the bonny wench,
Bacon, me thinkes he is a luſtie churle.

Bacon. Now looke my lord.

Enter Lacie.

Edward. Gogs wounds Bacon heere comes Lacie.

Bacon. Sit ſtill my lord and marke the commedie.
Bungay. Heeres Lacie, Margret ſtep aſide awhile.
Lacie. Daphne the damſell, that caught Phæbus faſt,
And lockt him in the brightneſſe of her lookes,
Was not ſo beautious in Appollos eyes,
As is faire Margret to the Lincolne earle,
Recant thee Lacie thou art put in truſt,
Edward thy ſoueraignes ſonne hath choſen thee
A ſecret friend to court her for himſelfe:
And dareſt thou wrong thy Prince with trecherie.
Lacie, loue makes no acception of a friend,
Nor deemes it of a Prince, but as a man:
Honour bids thee controll him in his luſt,
His wooing is not for to wed the girle,
But to intrap her and beguile the laſſe:
Lacie thou loueſt, then brooke not ſuch abuſe,
But wed her, and abide thy Princes frowne:
For better die, then ſee her liue diſgracde.
Margret. Come Frier I will ſhake him from his dumpes,
How cheere you ſir, a penie for your thought:
Your early vp, pray God it be the neere,
What come from Beckles in a morne ſo ſoone.
Lacie. Thus watchfull are ſuch men as liue in loue,
Whoſe eyes brooke broken ſlumbers for their ſleepe,
I tell thee Peggie ſince laſt Harliſton faire,
My minde hath felt a heape of paſsions.
Margret. A truſtie man that court it for your friend,
Woo you ſtill for the courtier all in greene.
I maruell that he ſues not for himſelfe.
Lacie. Peggie, I pleaded firſt to get your grace for him,
But when mine eies ſeruaid your beautious lookes
Loue like a wagge, ſtraight diued into my heart,
And there did ſhrine the Idea of your ſelfe:
Pittie me though I be a farmers ſonne,
And meaſure not my riches but my loue.
Margret. You are verie haſtie for to garden well,

Seeds muſt haue time to ſprout before they ſpring,
Loue ought to creepe as doth the dials ſhade,
For timely ripe is rotten too too ſoone.

Bungay. *Deus hic*, roome for a merry Frier,
What youth of Beckles, with the keepers laſſe,
Tis well, but tell me heere you any newes.

Margret. No, Frier what newes.

Bungay. Heere you not how the purſeuants do poſt,
With proclamations through ech country towne:

Lacie. For what gentle frier tell the newes.

Bungay. Dwelſt thou in Beckles & heerſt not of theſe news,
Lacie the Earle of Lincolne is late fled
From Windſor court diſguiſed like a ſwaine,
And lurkes about the countrie heere vnknowne.
Henrie ſuſpects him of ſome trecherie,
And therefore doth proclaime in euery way,
That who can take the Lincolne earle, ſhall haue
Paid in the Exchequer twentie thouſand crownes.

Lacie. The earle of Lincoln, Frier thou art mad,
It was ſome other, thou miſtakeſt the man:
The earle of Lincolne, why it cannot be.

Margret. Yes verie well my lord, for you are he,
The keepers daughter tooke you priſoner,
Lord Lacie yeeld, Ile be your gailor once.

Edward. How familiar they be Bacon.

Bacon. Sit ſtill and marke the ſequell of their loues.

Lacie. Then am I double priſoner to thy ſelfe,
Peggie, I yeeld, but are theſe newes inieſt,

Margret. In ieſt with you, but earneſt vnto me:
For why, theſe wrongs do wring me at the heart,
Ah how theſe earles and noble men of birth,
Flatter and faine to forge poore womens ill.

Lacie. Beleeue me laſſe, I am the Lincolne earle,
I not denie, but tyred thus in rags
I liued diſguiſd to winne faire Peggies loue.

Margret. What loue is there where wedding ends not loue?

Lacie.

Lacie. I meant faire girle to make thee Lacies wife.
Margret, I litle thinke that earles wil ſtoop ſo low,
Lacie. Say, ſhall I make thee counteſſe ere I ſleep.
Marg. Handmaid vnto the earle ſo pleaſe himſelfe
A wife in name, but ſeruant in obedience.
Lacie. The Lincolne counteſſe, for it ſhalbe ſo,
Ile plight the bands and ſeale it with a kiſſe.
Edward. Gogs wounds Bacon they kiſſe, Ile ſtab them,
Bacon. Oh hold your handes my lord it is the glaſſe.
Edward. Coller to ſee the traitors gree ſo well,
Made me thinke the ſhadowes ſubſtances.
Bacon. Twere a long poinard my lord, to reach betweene
Oxford and Freſingfield, but ſit ſtill and ſee more.
Bungay. Well lord of Lincolne, if your loues be knit,
And that your tongues and thoughts do both agree:
To auoid inſuing iarres, Ile hamper vp the match,
Ile take my portace forth, and wed you heere,
Then go to bed and ſeale vp your deſires.
Lacie. Frier content, Peggie how like you this?
Margret. What likes my lord is pleaſing vnto me.
Bungay. Then hand-faſt hand, and I wil to my booke,
Bacon. What ſees my lord now.
Edward. Bacon, I ſee the louers hand in hand,
The Frier readie with his portace there,
To wed them both, then am I quite vndone,
Bacon helpe now, if ere thy magicke ſerude,
Helpe Bacon, ſtop the marriage now,
If diuels or nigromanſie may ſuffice,
And I will giue thee fortie thouſand crownes.
Bacon. Feare not my lord, Ile ſtop the iolly Frier,
For mumbling vp his oriſons this day.
Lacie. VVhy ſpeakſt not Bungay, Frier to thy booke.

Bungay is mute, crying Hud hud.

Margret. How lookeſt thou frier, as a man diſtraught,

Reft of thy ſences Bungay, ſhew by ſignes
If thou be dum what paſsions holdeth thee.
Lacie. Hees dumbe indeed: Bacon hath with his dinels
Inchanted him, or elſe ſome ſtrange diſeaſe,
Or Appoplexie hath poſſeſt his lungs:
But Peggie what he cannot with his booke
Weele twixt vs both vnite it vp in heart.
Margret. Els let me die my lord a miſcreant.
Edward. Why ſtands frier Bacon ſo amazd.
Bacon. I haue ſtrook him dum my lord, & if your honor pleaſe
Ile fetch this Bungay ſtraightway from Freſingfield,
And he ſhall dine with vs in Oxford here.
Edward. Bacon, doe that and thou contenteſt me,
Lacie. Of courteſie Margret let vs lead the frier
Vnto thy fathers lodge, to comfort him
With brothes to bring him from this hapleſſe trance.
Margret. Or els my lord, we were paſsing vnkinde
To leaue the frier ſo in his diſtreſſe.

Enter a deuill, and carrie Bungay on his backe.

Margret. O helpe my lord, a deuill, a deuill my lord,
Looke how he carries Bungay on his backe:
Lets hence for Bacons ſpirits be abroad.

Exeunt.

Edward. Bacon I laugh to ſee the iolly Frier
Mounted vpon the diuell, and how the earle
Flees with his bonny laſſe for feare,
Aſſoone as Bungay is at Brazennoſe,
And I haue chatted with the merrie frier,
I will in poſt hie me to Freſingfield,
And quite theſe wrongs on *Lacie* ere it be long,
Bacon. So be it my lord, but let vs to our dinner:
For ere we haue taken our repaſt awhile,

We ſhall haue Bungay brought to Brazennoſe.

Exeunt.

Enter three doctors, Burden, Maſon, Clement.

Maſon. Now that we are gathered in the regent houſe,
It fits vs talke about the kings repaire,
For he troopt with all the weſterne kings
That lie alongſt the Danſick ſeas by Eaſt,
North by the clime of froſtie Germanie,
The Almain Monarke, and the Scocon duke,
Caſtile, and louely Ellinor with him,
Haue in their ieſts reſolued for Oxford towne.
Burden. We muſt lay plots of ſtately tragedies,
Strange comick ſhowes, ſuch as proud Roſsius
Vaunted before the Romane Emperours.
Clement. To welcome all the weſterne Potentates
But more the king by letters hath foretold,
That Fredericke the Almaine Emperour
Hath brought with him a Germane of eſteeme,
Whoſe ſurname is Don Iaqueſſe Vandermaſt,
Skilfull in magicke and thoſe ſecret arts.
Maſon. Then muſt we all make ſute vnto the frier,
To Frier Bacon that he vouch this taske,
And vndertake to counteruaile in skill
The German, els theres none in Oxford can,
Match and diſpute with learned Vandermaſt.
Burden. Bacon, if he will hold the German play,
Weele teach him what an Engliſh Frier can doe:
The diuell I thinke dare not diſpute with him.
Clement. Indeed mas doctor he pleaſured you,
In that he brought your hoſteſſe with her ſpit,
From Henly poſting vnto Brazennoſe.
Burden. A vengeance on the Frier for his paines,
But leauing that, lets hie to Bacon ſtraight,

To see if he will take this taske in hand.

Clement. Stay what rumor is this, the towne is vp in a mutinie, what hurly burlie is this?

Enter a Constable, with Raphe, Warren, Ermsbie and Miles.

Constable. Nay maisters if you were nere so good, you shall before the doctors to aunswer your misdemeanour.

Burden. Whats the matter fellow?

Constable. Marie sir, heres a companie of rufflers that drinking in the Tauerne haue made a great braule, and almost kilde the vintner.

Miles. *Salue* doctor Burden, this lubberly lurden,
Ill shapte and ill faced, disdaind and disgraced,
What he tels vnto *vobis*, *mentitur de nobis.*

Burden. Who is the maister and cheefe of this crew?

Miles. *Ecce asinum mundi, figura rotundi,*
Neat sheat and fine, as briske as a cup of wine.

Burden. What are you?

Raphe. I am father doctor as a man would say, the Belwether of this cõpany, these are my lords, and I the prince of Wales.

Clement. Are you Edward the kings sonne?

Raphe. Sirra Miles, bring hither the tapster that drue the wine, and I warrant when they see how soundly I haue broke his head, theile say twas done by no lesse man than a prince.

Mason. I cannot beleeue that this is the prince of Wales.

Warren. And why so sir?

Mason. For they say the prince is a braue & a wise gentleman.

VVar. Why and thinkest thou doctor that he is not so?
Darst thou detract and derogat from him,
Being so louely and so braue a youth.

Ermsbie. Whose face shining with many a sugred smile,
Bewraies that he is bred of princely race.

Miles. And yet maister doctor, to speake like a proctor,
And tell vnto you, what is veriment and true,
To cease of this quarrell, looke but on his apparrell,

Then

Then marke but my talis, he is great prince of Walis,
The cheefe of our *gregis*, and *filius regis*,
Then ware what is done, for he is Henries white ſonne.

Raphe. Doctors whoſe doting nightcaps are not capable of my ingenious dignitie, know that I am Edward Plantagenet, whom if you diſpleaſe, will make a ſhippe that ſhall hold all your colleges, and ſo carrie away the Niniuerſitie with a fayre wind, to the Bankeſide in Southwarke, how ſayſt thou Ned Warraine, ſhall I not do it?

V. Warren. Yes my good lord, and if it pleaſe your lordſhip, I wil gather vp al your old pantophles, and with the corke, make you a Pinnis of fiue hundred tunne, that ſhall ſerue the turne maruellous well, my lord.

Ermsbie. And I my lord will haue Pioners to vndermine the towne, that the very Gardens and orchards be carried away for your ſummer walkes.

Miles. And I with *ſcientia*, and great *diligentia*,
Will coniure and charme, to keepe you from harme,
That *vtrum horum mauis*, your very great *nauis*,
Like Bartlets ſhip, from Oxford do skip,
With Colleges and ſchooles, full loaden with fooles,
Quid dices ad hoc, worſhipfull *domine Dawcocke.*

Clement. Why harebraind courtiers, are you drunke or mad,
To taunt vs vp with ſuch ſcurilitie,
Deeme you vs men of baſe and light eſteeme,
To bring vs ſuch a fop for Henries ſonne,
Call out the beadls and conuay them hence,
Straight to Bocardo, let the roiſters lie
Cloſe clapt in bolts, vntill their wits be tame.

Ermsbie. Why ſhall we to priſon my lord? (preſence?

Raphe. What ſaiſt Miles, ſhall I honour the priſon with my

Miles. No no, out with your blades, and hamper theſe iades,
Haue a flurt and a craſh, now play reuell daſh,
And teach theſe Sacerdos, that the Bocardos,
Like pezzants and elues, are meet for themſelues.

Maſon. To the priſon with them conſtable.

Well

Warren. Well doctors seeing I haue sported me,
With laughing at these mad and merrie wagges,
Know that prince Edward is at Brazennose,
And this attired like the prince of Wales,
Is Raphe, king Henries only loued foole,
I, earle of Essex, and this Ermsbie
One of the priuie chamber to the king,
Who while the prince with Frier Bacon staies,
Haue reueld it in Oxford as you see.

Mason. My lord pardon vs, we knew not what you were,
But courtiers may make greater skapes than these,
Wilt please your honour dine with me to day?

Warren. I will maister doctor, and satisfie the vintner for his hurt, only I must desire you to imagine him all this forenoon the prince of Wales.

Mason. I will sir.

Raphe. And vpon that I will lead the way, onely I will haue Miles go before me, because I haue heard Henrie say, that wisedome must go before Maiestie. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter prince Edward with his poinard in his hand, Lacie and Margret.

Edward. Lacie thou canst not shroud thy traitrous thoughts,
Nor couer as did Cassius all his wiles,
For Edward hath an eye that lookes as farre,
As Lincæus from the shores of Grecia,
Did not I sit in Oxford by the Frier,
And see thee court the mayd of Fresingfield,
Sealing thy flattering fancies with a kisse,
Did not prowd Bungay draw his portasle foorth,
And ioyning hand in hand had married you,
If Frier Bacon had not stroke him dumbe,
And mounted him vpon a spirits backe,
That we might chat at Oxford with the frier,
Traitor what answerst, is not all this true?

Truth

Lacie. Truth all my Lord and thus I make replie,
At Harlſtone faire there courting for your grace,
When as mine eye ſurueid her curious ſhape,
And drewe the beautious glory of her looks,
To diue into the center of my heart.
Loue taught me that your honour did but ieſt,
That princes were in fancie but as men,
How that the louely maid of Freſingfield,
Was fitter to be Lacies wedded wife,
Than concubine vnto the prince of Wales.
Edward. Iniurious Lacie did I loue thee more
Than Alexander his Hepheſtion,
Did I vnfould the paſsion of my loue,
And locke them in the cloſſet of thy thoughts,
Wert thou to Edward ſecond to himſelfe,
Sole freind, and partner of his ſecreat loues,
And could a glaunce of fading bewtie breake,
The inchained fetters of ſuch priuat freindes,
Baſe coward, falſe, and too effeminate,
To be coriuall with a prince in thoughts,
From Oxford haue I poſted ſince I dinde,
To quite a traitor fore that Edward ſleepe.
Marg. Twas I my Lord, not Lacie ſtept awry,
For oft he ſued and courted for your ſelfe,
And ſtill woode for the courtier all in greene,
But I whome fancy made but ouer fond,
Pleaded my ſelfe with looks as if I lovd,
I fed myne eye with gazing on his face,
And ſtill bewicht lovd Lacie with my looks,
My hart with ſighes, myne eyes pleaded with teare,
My face held pittie and content at once,
And more I could not ſipher out by ſignes
But that I lovd Lord Lacie with my heart,
Then worthy Edward meaſure with thy minde,
If womens fauours will not force men fall,
If bewtie and if darts of perſing loue,

Is not of force to bury thoughts of friendes.

Edward. I tell thee Peggie I will haue thy loues,
Edward or none ſhall conquer Margret,
In Frigats bottomd with rich Sethin planks,
Topt with the loftie firs of Libanon,
Stemd and incaſt with burniſht Iuorie
And ouerlaid with plates of Perſian wealth,
Like Thetis ſhalt thou wanton on the waues
And draw the Dolphins to thy louely eyes,
To daunce lauoltas in the purple ſtreames,
Sirens with harpes and ſiluer pſalteries,
Shall waight with muſicke at thy frigots ſtem,
And entertaine faire Margret with her laies,
England and Englands wealth ſhall wait on thee,
Brittaine ſhall bend vnto her princes loue,
And doe due homage to thine excellence,
If thou wilt be but Edwards Margret.

Margret. Pardon my lord if Ioues great roialtie,
Sent me ſuch preſents as to Danae,
If Phœbus tied in Latonas webs,
Come courting from the beautie of his lodge,
The dulcet tunes of frolicke Mercurie,
Not all the wealth heauens treaſurie affoords,
Should make me leaue lord Lacie or his loue.

Edw. I haue learnd at Oxford then this point of ſchooles,
Abbata cauſa, tollitur effectus,
Lacie the cauſe that Margret cannot loue,
Nor fix her liking on the Engliſh Prince,
Take him away, and then the effects will faile,
Villaine prepare thy ſelfe for I will bathe
My poinard in the boſome of an eatle.

Lacie. Rather then liue, and miſſe faire Margrets loue,
Prince Edward ſtop not at the fatall doome,
But ſtabb it home, end both my loues and life.

Marg. Braue Prince of Wales, honoured for royall deeds,
Twere ſinne to ſtaine fair Venus courts with blood,

Loues

Loues conqueſts ends my Lord in courteſie,
Spare Lacie gentle Edward, let me die,
For ſo both you and he doe ceaſe your loues.
Edward. Lacie ſhall die as traitor to his Lord.
Lacie. I haue deſerued it, Edward act it well.
Margret What hopes the Prince to gaine by Lacies death?
Edward. To end the loues twixt him and Margeret.
Marg. Why, thinks king Henries ſonne that Margrets loue,
Hangs in the vncertaine ballance of proud time,
That death ſhall make a diſcord of our thonghts,
No, ſtab the earle, and fore the morning ſun
Shall vaunt him thrice, ouer the loftie eaſt,
Margret will meet her Lacie in the heauens.
Lacie. I fought betides to louely Margret,
That wrongs or wrings her honour from content,
Europes rich wealth nor Englands monarchie,
Should not allure Lacie to ouerliue,
Then Edward ſhort my life and end her loues.
Margret. Rid me, and keepe a friend worth many loues.
Lacie. Nay Edward keepe a loue worth many friends.
Margret. And if thy mind be ſuch as fame hath blazde,
Then princely Edward let vs both abide
The fatall reſolution of thy rage,
Baniſh thou fancie, and imbrace reuenge,
And in one toombe knit both our carkaſes,
Whoſe hearts were linked in one perfect loue,
Edward. Edward Art thou that famous prince of Wales,
Who at Damaſco beat the Saraſens,
And broughtſt home triumphe on thy launces point,
And ſhall thy plumes be puld by Venus downe,
Is it princely to diſſeuer louers leagues,
To part ſuch friends as glorie in their loues,
Leaue Ned, and make a vertue of this fault,
And further Peg and Lacie in their loues,
So in ſubduing fancies paſsion,
Conquering thy ſelfe thou getſt the richeſt ſpoile,

Lacie riſe vp, faire Peggie heeres my hand,
The prince of Wales hath conquered all his thoughts
And all his loues he yeelds vnto the earle,
Lacie enioy the maid of Freſingfield,
Make her thy Lincolne counteſſe at the church,
And Ned as he is true Plantagenet,
Will giue her to thee franckly for thy wife.

Lacie. Humbly I take her of my ſoueraigne,
As if that Edward gaue me Englands right,
And richt me with the Albion diadem.

Margret. And doth the Engliſh Prince mean true,
Will he vouchſafe to ceaſe his former loues,
And yeeld the title of a countrie maid,
Vnto lord Lacie.

Edward. I will faire Peggie as I am true lord.

Marg. Then lordly ſir, whoſe conqueſt is as great,
In conquering loue as Cæſars victories,
Margret as milde and humble in her thoughts,
As was Aſpatia vnto Cirus ſelfe,
Yeelds thanks, and next lord Lacie, doth inſhrine
Edward the ſecond ſecret in her heart.

Edw. Gramercie Peggie, now that vowes are paſt,
And that your loues are not be reuolt:
Once Lacie friendes againe, come we will poſt
To Oxford, for this day the king is there,
And brings for Edward Caſtile Ellinor.
Peggie I muſt go ſee and view my wife,
I pray God I like her as I loued thee.
Beſide, lord Lincolne we ſhall heare diſpute,
Twixt frier Bacon, and learned Vandermaſt,
Peggie weele leaue you for a weeke or two.

Margret. As it pleaſe lord Lacie, but loues fooliſh looks,
Thinke footſteps Miles, and minutes to be houres.

Lacie. Ile haſten Peggie to make ſhort returne,
But pleaſe your houour goe vnto the lodge,
We ſhall haue butter, cheeſe, and veniſon.

And yeſterday I brought for Margret,
A luſtie bottle of neat clarret wine,
Thus can we feaſt and entertaine your grace.

Edward. Tis cheere lord Lacie for an Emperour,
If he reſpect the perſon and the place:
Come let vs in, for I will all this night,
Ride poſt vntill I come to Bacons cell.

Exeunt.

Enter Henrie, Emperour, Caſtile, Ellinor, Vandermaſt, Bungay.

Emperour. Truſt me Plantagenet theſe Oxford ſchooles
Are richly ſeated neere the riuer ſide:
The mountaines full of fat and fallow deere,
The batling paſtures laid with kine and flocks,
The towne gorgeous with high built colledges,
And ſchollers ſeemely in their graue attire.
Learned in ſearching principles of art,
What is thy iudgement, Iaquis Vandermaſt.

Vandermaſt. That lordly are the buildings of the towne,
Spatious the romes and full of pleaſant walkes:
But for the doctors how that they be learned,
It may be meanly, for ought I can heere.

Bungay. I tell thee Germane, Haſpurge holds none ſuch,
None red ſo deepe as Oxenford containes,
There are within our accademicke ſtate,
Men that may lecture it in Germanie,
To all the doctors of your Belgicke ſchools.

Henrie. Stand to him Bungay, charme this Vandermaſt,
And I will vſe thee as a royall king.

Vandermaſt. Wherein dareſt thou diſpute with me.

Bungay. In what a Doctor and a Frier can.

Vandermaſt. Before rich Europes worthies put thou forth
The doubtfull queſtion vnto Vandermaſt.

Bungay. Let it be this, whether the ſpirites of piromancie

or Geomancie, be moſt predominant in magick.

Vander. I ſay of Piromancie.

Bungay. And I of Geomancie.

Vander. The cabbaliſts that wright of magicke ſpels,
As Hermes, Melchie, and Pithagoras,
Affirme that mongſt the quadruplicitie
Of elementall eſſence, *Terra* is but thought,
To be a *punctum* ſquared to the reſt:
And that the compaſſe of aſcending eliments
Exceed in bigneſſe as they doe in height.
Iudging the concaue circle of the ſonne,
To hold the reſt in his circomference,
If then as Hermes ſaies the fire be greatſt,
Pureſt and onely giueth ſhapes to ſpirites:
Then muſt theſe Demones that haunt that place,
Be euery way ſuperiour to the reſt.

Bungay. I reaſon not of elementall ſhapes,
Nor tell I of the concaue lattitudes,
Noting their eſſence nor their qualitie,
But of the ſpirites that Piromancie calles,
And of the vigour of the Geomanticke fiends,
I tell thee Germane magicke haunts the grounds,
And thoſe ſtrange necromantick ſpels
That worke ſuch ſhewes and wondering in the world,
Are acted by thoſe Geomanticke ſpirites,
That Hermes calleth *Terræ filii*.
The fierie ſpirits are but transparant ſhades,
That lightly paſſe as Heralts to beare newes,
But earthly fiends cloſd in the loweſt deepe,
Diſſeuer mountaines if they be but chargd,
Being more groſe and maſsie in their power.

Vander. Rather theſe earthly geomantike ſpirits,
Are dull and like the place where they remaine:
For when proud Lucipher fell from the heauens,
The ſpirites and angels that did ſin with him,
Retaind their locall eſſence as their faults,

All ſubiect vnder *Lunas* continent,
They which offended leſſe hang in the fire,
And ſecond faults did reſt within the aire,
But Lucifer and his proud hearted fiends,
Were throwne into the center of the earth,
Hauing leſſe vnderſtanding than the reſt,
As hauing greater ſinne, and leſſer grace.
Therfore ſuch groſſe and earthly ſpirits doe ſerue,
For Iuglers, Witches, and vild ſorcerers,
Whereas the Piromantick gemij,
Are mightie, ſwift, and of farre reaching power,
But graunt that Geomancie hath moſt force,
Bungay to pleaſe theſe mightie potentates,
Prooue by ſome inſtance what thy art can doe.

Bungay. I will.

Emper. Now Engliſh Harry here begins the game,
We ſhall ſee ſport betweene theſe learned men.

Vandermaſt. What wilt thou doe.

Bung. Shew thee the tree leavd with refined gold,
Wheron the fearefull dragon held his ſeate,
That watcht the garden cald Heſperides,
Subdued and wonne by conquering Hercules.

Vandermaſt. Well done.

Heere Bungay coniures and the tree appeares with the dragon ſhooting fire.

Henrie. What ſay you royall lordings to my frier,
Hath he not done a point of cunning skill.

Vander. Ech ſcholler in the Nicromanticke ſpels,
Can doe as much as Bungay hath performd,
But as Alcmenas baſterd raiſ'd this tree,
So will I raiſe him vp as when he liued,
And cauſe him pull the Dragon from his ſeate,
And teare the branches peecemeale from the roote,
Hercules *Prodie*, *Prodi* Hercules.

Hercules

Hercules appeares in his Lions skin.

Hercules. Quis me vult.

Vandermast. Ioues bastard sonne thou libian Hercules
Pull off the sprigs from off the Hesperian tree,
As once thou didst to win the golden fruit.

Hercules. Fiat.

Heere he begins to breake the branches.

Vander. Now Bungay if thou canst by magicke charme,
The fiend appearing like great Hercules,
From pulling downe the branches of the tree,
Then art thou worthy to be counted learned.

Bungay. I cannot.

Vander. Cease Hercules vntill I giue thee charge,
Mightie commander of this Englisn Ile,
Henrie come from the stout Plantagenets,
Bungay is learned enough to be a Frier.
But to compare with Iaquis Vandermast,
Oxford and Cambridge must go seeke their celles,
To find a man to match him in his art.
I haue giuen *non-plus* to the Paduans,
To them of Sien, Florence, and Belogna,
Reimes, Louain and faire Rotherdam,
Franckford, Lutrech and Orleance:
And now must Henrie if he do me right,
Crowne me with lawrell as they all haue done.

Enter Bacon.

Bacon. All haile to this roiall companie,
That sit to heare and see this strange dispute:
Bungay, how standst thou as a man amazd,
What hath the Germane acted more than thou,

Vander.

Vandermast. What art thou that questions thus.

Bacon. Men call me Bacon.

Vander. Lordly thou lookest, as if that thou wert learnd,
Thy countenance, as if science held her seate
Betweene the circled arches of thy browes.

Henrie. Now Monarcks hath the Germain found his match.

Emperour. Bestirre thee Iaquis take not now the foile,
Least thou doest loose what foretime thou didst gaine.

Vandermast. Bacon, wilt thou dispute.

Bacon. Noe, vnlesse he were more learnd than *Vandermast.*
For yet tell me, what hast thou done?

Vandermast. Raisd Hercules to ruinate that tree,
That Bongay mounted by his magicke spels.

Bacon. Set Hercules to worke.

Vander. Now Hercules, I charge thee to thy taske,
Pull off the golden branches from the roote.

Hercules. I dare not, Seest thou not great Bacon heere,
Whose frowne doth act more than thy magicke can.

Vandermast. By all the thrones and dominations,
Vertues, powers and mightie Herarchies,
I charge thee to obey to Vandermast.

Hercules. Bacon, that bridles headstrong Belcephon,
And rules Asmenoth guider of the North:
Bindes me from yeelding vnto Vandermast.

Hen. How now Vandermast, haue you met with your match.

Vandermast. Neuer before wast knowne to Vandermast,
That men held deuils in such obedient awe,
Bacon doth more than art or els I faile.

Emperour. Why Vandermast art thou ouercome,
Bacon dispute with him, and trie his skill:

Bacon. I come not Monarckes for to hold dispute,
With such a nouice as is Vandermast,
I come to haue your royalties to dine
With Frier Bacon heere in Brazennose,
And for this Germane troubles but the place
And holds this audience with a long suspence,

Ile ſend him to his Accademie hence,
Thou Hercules whom Vandermaſt did raiſe,
Tranſport the Germane vnto Haſpurge ſtraight,
That he may learne by trauaile gainſt the ſprings,
More ſecret doomes and Aphoriſmes of art,
Vaniſh the tree and thou away with him.

Exit the ſpirit with Vandermaſt and the Tree.

Emperour. Why Bacon whether doeſt thou ſend him,
Bacon. To Haſpurge there your highneſſe at returne,
Shall finde the Germane in his ſtudie ſafe.
Henrie. Bacon, thou haſt honoured England with thy skill,
And made faire Oxford famous by thine art,
I will be Engliſh Henrie to thy ſelfe,
But tell me ſhall we dine with thee to day.
Bacon. With me my Lord, and while I fit my cheere,
See where Prince Edward comes to welcome you:
Gratious as the morning ſtarre of heauen, *Exit.*

Enter Edward, Lacie, Warren, Ermsbie.

Emperour. Is this Prince Edward Henries royall ſonne,
How martiall is the figure of his face,
Yet louely and beſet with Amorets.
Henrie. Ned, where haſt thou been.
Edward. At Framingham my Lord, to trie your buckes.
If they could ſcape they teiſers or the toile:
But hearing of theſe lordly Potentates
Landed, and prograſt vp to Oxford towne,
I poſted to giue entertaine to them,
Chiefe to the Almaine Monarke, next to him,
And ioynt with him, Caſtile and Saxonie,
Are welcome as they may be to the Engliſh Court.
Thus for the men, but ſee Venus appeares,
Or one that ouermatcheth Venus in her ſhape,

Sweete

Sweete Ellinor, beauties high ſwelling pride,
Rich natures glorie, and her wealth at once:
Faire of all faires, welcome to Albion,
Welcome to me, and welcome to thine owne,
If that thou dainſt the welcome from my ſelfe.

Ellinor. Martiall Plantagenet, Henries high minded ſonne,
The marke that Ellinor did count her aime,
I likte thee fore I ſaw thee, now I loue,
And ſo as in ſo ſhort a time I may:
Yet ſo as time ſhall neuer breake that ſo,
And therefore ſo accept of Ellinor.

Caſtile. Feare not my Lord, this couple will agree,
If loue may creepe into their wanton eyes:
And therefore Edward I accept thee heere,
Without ſuſpence, as my adopted ſonne.

Henrie. Let me that ioy in theſe conſorting greets,
And glorie in theſe honors done to Ned,
Yeeld thankes for all theſe fauours to my ſonne,
And reſt a true Plantagenet to all.

Enter Miles with a cloth and trenchers and ſalt.

Miles. Saluete omnes reges, that gouern your Greges, in Saxonie and Spaine, in England and in Almaine: for all this frolicke table muſt I couer thee table, with trenchers, ſalt and cloth, and then looke for your broth.

Emperour. What pleaſant fellow is this.

Henrie. Tis my lord, doctor Bacons poore ſcholler.

Miles. My maiſter hath made me ſewer of theſe great lords, and God knowes I am as ſeruiceable at a table, as a ſow is vnder an apple tree: tis no matter, their cheere ſhall not be great, and therefore what skils where the ſalt ſtand before or behinde.

Caſtile. Theſe ſchollers knowes more skill in actiomes,
How to vſe quips and ſleights of Sophiſtrie,
Than for to couer courtly for a king.

Enter Miles with a meſſe of pottage and broth, and after him Bacon.

Miles. Spill ſir, why doe you thinke I neuer carried twopeny chop before in my life: by your leaue, *Nobile decus*, for here comes doctor Bacons *pecus*, being in his full age, to carrie a meſſe of pottage.

Bacon. Lordings admire not if your cheere be this,
For we muſt keepe our Accademicke fare,
No riot where Philoſophie doth raine,
And therefore Henrie place theſe Potentates,
And bid them fall vnto their frugall cates.

Emp. Preſumptuous Frier, what ſcoffſt thou at a king,
What doeſt thou taunt vs with thy peſants fare,
And giue vs cates fit for countrey ſwaines,
Henrie proceeds this ieſt of thy conſent,
To twit vs with ſuch a pittance of ſuch price,
Tell me, and Fredericke will not greeue the long.

Henrie. By Henries honour and the royall faith
The Engliſh monarcke beareth to his friend:
I knew not of the friers feeble fare,
Nor am I pleaſd he entertaines you thus.

Bacon. Content thee Fredericke for I ſhewd the cates
To let thee ſee how ſchollers vſe to feede:
How little meate refines our Engliſh wits,
Miles take away, and let it be thy dinner.

Miles. Marry ſir I wil, this day ſhal be a feſtiual day with me,
For I ſhall exceed in the higheſt degree. *Exit Miles.*

Bacon. I tell thee Monarch, all the Germane Peeres
Could not affoord thy entertainment ſuch,
So roiall and ſo full of Maieſtie,
As Bacon will preſent to Fredericke,
The Baſeſt waiter that attends thy cups,
Shall be in honours greater than thy ſelfe:

And

And for thy cates rich Alexandria drugges,
Fetcht by Carueils from Aegypts richeſt ſtraights:
Found in the wealthy ſtrond of Affrica,
Shall royallize the table of my king,
Wines richer than the Gyptian courtiſan,
Quaft to Auguſtus kingly countermatch,
Shalbe carrowſt in Engliſh Henries feaſts:
Candie ſhall yeeld the richeſt of her canes,
Perſia downe her volga by Canows,
Send down the ſecrets of her ſpicerie.
The Africke Dates *mirabiles* of Spaine,
Conſerues, and Suckets from Tiberias,
Cates from Iudea choiſer than the lampe
That fiered Rome with ſparkes of gluttonie,
Shall bewtifie the board for Fredericke,
And therfore grudge not at a friers feaſt.

Enter two gentlemen, Lambert, and Serlby with the keeper.

Lambert. Come frolicke keeper of our lieges game,
Whoſe table ſpred hath euer veniſon,
And Iacks of wines to welcome paſſengers,
Know I am in loue with iolly Margret,
That ouer-ſhines our damſels as the moone,
Darkneth the brighteſt ſparkles of the night,
In Laxfield heere my land and liuing lies,
Ile make thy daughter ioynter of it all,
So thou conſent to giue her to my wife,
And I can ſpend fiue hundreth markes a yeare.

Serlbie. I am the lanſlord keeper of thy holds,
By coppie all thy liuing lies in me.
Laxfield did neuer ſee me raiſe my due,
I will infeofe faire Margret in all,
So ſhe will take her to a luſtie ſquire.

Keeper. Now courteous gentls, if the Keepers girle,
Hath pleased the liking fancie of you both,
And with her beutie hath subdued your thoughts,
Tis doubtfull to decide the question.
It ioyes me that such men of great esteeme,
Should lay their liking on this base estate,
And that her state should grow so fortunate,
To be a wife to meaner men than you.
But sith such squires will stoop to keepers fee,
I will to auoid displeasure of you both,
Call Margret forth, and she shall make her choise, *Exit.*

Lambert. Content Keeper send her vnto vs.
Why Serlsby is thy wife so lately dead,
Are all thy loues so lightly passed ouer,
As thou canst wed before the yeare be out,

Serlsby. I liue not Lambert to content the dead,
Nor was I wedded but for life to her,
The graues ends and begins a maried state.

Enter Margret.

Lambert. Peggie the louelie flower of all townes,
Suffolks faire Hellen, and rich Englands star,
Whose beautie tempered with her huswifrie,
Maks England talke of merry Frisingfield.

Serlsby. I cannot tricke it vp with poesies,
Nor paint my passions with comparisons,
Nor tell a tall of Phebus and his loues,
But this beeleue me Laxfield here is mine,
Of auncient rent seuen hundred pounds a yeare,
And if thou canst but loue a countrie squire,
I wil infeoffe thee Margret in all,
I can not flatter, trie me if thou please.

Mar. Braue neighbouring squires the stay of Suffolks clime,
A Keepers daughters is too base in gree
To match with men accoumpted of such worth,
But might I not displease I would reply,

Lam.

Lambert. Say Peggy nought ſhall make vs diſcontent.
Marg. Then gentils note that loue hath little ſtay,
Nor can the flames that Venus ſets on fire,
Be kindled but by fancies motion,
Then pardon gentils, if a maids reply
Be doubtful, while I haue debated with my ſelfe,
Who or of whome loue ſhall conſtraine me like,
Serlsbie. Let it be me and truſt me Margret,
The meads inuironed with the ſiluer ſtreames,
Whoſe Batling paſtures fatneth all my flockes,
Yelding forth fleeces ſtapled with ſuch woole,
As Lempſter cannot yelde more finer ſtuffe
And fortie kine with faire and burniſht heads,
With ſtrouting duggs that paggle to the ground,
Shall ſerue thy dary if thou wed with me.
Lambert. Let paſſe the countrie wealth as flocks and kine,
And lands that waue with *Ceres* golden ſheues
filling my barnes with plentie of the fieldes,
But peggie if thou wed thy ſelfe to me,
Thou ſhalt haue garments of Imbrodred ſilke,
Lawnes and rich networks for thy head attyre
Coſtlie ſhalbe thy fare abiliments,
If thou wilt be but Lamberts louing wife.
Margret Content you gentles you haue profered faire,
And more than fits a countrie maids degree,
But giue me leaue to counſaile me a time,
For fancie bloomes not at the firſt aſſault,
Giue me but ten dayes reſpite and I will replye,
Which or to whom my ſelfe affectionats.
Serslby. Lambert I tell thee thou art importunate,
Such beautie fits not ſuch a baſe eſquire
It is for Serlsby to haue Margret.
Lamb. Thinkſt thou with wealth to ouer reach me
Serlsby, I ſcorne to brooke thy country braues
I dare thee Coward to maintaine this wrong,

At dint of rapier single in the field.
Serlsby Ile answere Lambert what I haue avoucht
Margret farewel, another time shall serue. *Exit Serlsby*
Lambert. Ile follow Peggie farewell to thy selfe,
Listen how well ile answer for thy loue. *Exit Lambert*
Margeret. How Fortune tempers lucky happes with frowns,
And wrongs me with the sweets of my delight,
Loue is my blisse, and loue is now my bale,
Shall I be Hellen in my forward fates,
As I am Hellen in my matchles hue
And set rich Suffolke with my face a fire,
If louely Lacie were but with his Peggy,
The cloudie darckenesse of his bitter frowne
Would check the pride of these aspiring squires,
Before the terme of ten dayes be expired,
When as they looke for answere of their loues,
My Lord will come to merry Frisingfield,
And end their fancies, and their follies both,
Til when Peggie be blith and of good cheere.

Enter a post with a letter and a bag of gold.

Post. Fair louely damsell which way leads this path,
How might I post me vnto Frisingfield,
which footpath leadeth to the keepers lodge?
Margeret Your way is ready and this path is right,
My selfe doe dwell hereby in Frisingfield,
And if the keeper be the man you seeke,
I am his daughter may I know the cause?
Post Louely and once beloued of my lord,
No meruaile if his eye was lodged so low,
when brighter beawtie is not in the heauens,
The Lincolne earle hath sent you letters here,
And with them, iust an hundred pounds in gold,
Sweete bonny wench read them and make reply.

Marg.

Margret. The ſcrowles that Ioue ſent Danae
Wrapt in rich cloſures of fine burniſht gold,
Were not more welcome than theſe lines to me.
Tell me whilſt that I doe vnrip the ſeales,
Liues Lacie well, how fares my louely Lord?

Poſt. Well, if that wealth may make men to liue well.

The letter, and Margret reads it.

THe bloomes of the Almond tree grow in a night, and vaniſh in a morne, the flies *Hæmere* (faire Peggie) take life with the Sun, and die with the dew, fancie that ſlippeth in with a gaſe, goeth out with a winke; and too timely loues, haue euer the ſhorteſt length. I write this as thy grefe, and my folly, who at Friſingfield lovd that which time hath taught me to be but meane dainties, eyes are diſſemblers, and fancie is but queaſie, therefore know Margret, I haue choſen a Spaniſh Ladie to be my wife, cheefe waighting woman to the Princeſſe Ellinour, a Lady faire, and no leſſe faire than thy ſelfe, honorable and wealthy, in that I forſake thee I leaue thee to thine own liking, and for thy dowrie I haue ſent thee an hundred pounds, and euer aſſure thee of my fauour, which ſhall auaile thee and thine much. Farewell.

Not thine nor his owne,

Edward Lacie.

Fond Atæ doomer of bad boading fates,
That wrappes proud Fortune in thy ſnaky locks,
Didſt thou inchaunt my byrth-day with ſuch ſtars,
As lightned miſcheefe from their infancie,
If heauens had vowd, if ſtars had made decree,
To ſhew on me their froward influence,
If Lacie had but lovd, heauens hell and all,
Could not haue wrongd the patience of my minde.

Poſt. It grieues me damſell, but the Earle is forſt
To loue the Lady, by the Kings commaund.

Margret The wealth combinde within the Engliſh ſhelues,
Europes commaunder nor the Engliſh King,

Should not haue moude the loue of Peggie from her Lord.
Poſt. What anſwere ſhall I returne to my Lord?
Margret. Firſt for thou camſt from Lacie whom I lovd,
Ah giue me leaue to ſigh at euery thought,
Take thou my freind the hundred pound he ſent,
For Margrets reſolution craues no dower,
The world ſhalbe to her as vanitie,
Wealth traſh, loue hate, pleaſure diſpaire,
For I will ſtraight to ſtately Fremingham,
And in the abby there be ſhorne a Nun
And yeld my loues and libertie to God,
Fellow I giue thee this, not for the newes,
For thoſe be hatefull vnto Margret,
But for thart Lacies man once Margrets loue.
Poſt. What I haue heard what paſsions I haue ſeene
Ile make report of them vnto the Earle. *Exit Poſt.*
Margret. Say that ſhe ioyes his fancies be at reſt,
And praies that his misfortune may be hers. *Exit*

Enter Frier Bacon drawing the courtaines with a white ſticke, a booke in his hand, and a lampe lighted by him, and the braſen head and miles, whith weapons by him.

Bacon. Miles where are you?
Miles. Here ſir.
Bacon. How chaunce you tarry ſo long?
Miles. Thinke you that the watching of the brazen head craues no furniture? I warrant you ſir I haue ſo armed my ſelfe, that if all your deuills cõme I will not feare them an inch.
Bacon. Miles thou knoweſt that I haue diued into hell,
And ſought the darkeſt pallaces of fiendes,
That with my Magick ſpels great Belcephon,
Hath left his lodge and kneeled at my cell,
The rafters of the earth rent from the poles,
And three-formd Luna hid her ſiluer looks,

Trembling

Trembling vpon her concaue contenent,
When Bacon red vpon his Magick booke,
With seuen yeares tosing nigromanticke charmes,
Poring vpon darke Hecats principles,
I haue framd out a monstrous head of brasse,
That by theinchaunting forces of the deuil,
Shall tell out strange and vncoth Aphorismes,
And girt faire England with a wall of brasse,
Bungay and I haue watcht these threescore dayes,
And now our vitall spirites craue some rest,
If Argos livd and had his hundred eyes,
They could not ouerwatch Phobeters night,
Now Miles in thee rests Frier Bacons weale,
The honour and renowne af all his life,
Hangs in the watching of this brazen-head,
Therefore I charge thee by the immortall God
That holds the soules of men within his fist,
This night thou watch, for ere the morning star
Sends out his glorious glister on the north,
The head will speake, then Miles vpon thy life,
Wake me for then by Magick art Ile worke,
To end my seuen yeares taske with excellence,
If that a winke but shut thy watchfull eye,
Then farewell Bacons glory and his fame,
Draw closse the courtaines Miles now for thy life,
Be watchfull and *Here he falleth asleepe.*

Miles. So, I thought you would talke your selfe a sleepe anon, and tis no meruaile, for Bungay on the dayes, and he on the nights, haue watcht Iust these ten and fifty dayes, now this is the night, and tis my taske and no more. Now Iesus blesse me what a goodly head it is, and a nose, you talke of *nos autem glorificare*, but heres a nose, that I warrant may be cald *nos autem popelare* for the people of the parish, well I am furnished with weapons,, now sir I will set me downe by a post, and make it as good as a watch-man to wake me if I chaunce to slumber.

I thought goodman head, I would call you out of your *memento*, paſsion a God I haue almoſt broke my pate, Vp Miles to your taske, take your browne bill in your hand, heeres ſome of your maiſters hobgoblins abroad. *With this a great noiſe.*

Sit down and knocke your head.

The Head ſpeakes.

Head. Time is.

Miles. Time is, Why maiſter Brazenhead haue you ſuch a capitall noſe, and anſwer you with ſillables, Time is: is this all my maiſters cunning, to ſpend ſeuen yeares ſtudie about Time is: well ſir, it may be we ſhall haue ſome better orations of it anon, well Ile watch you as narrowly as euer you were watcht, and Ile play with you as the Nightingale with the Slowworme, Ile ſet a pricke againſt my breſt: now reſt there Miles, Lord haue mercy vpon me, I haue almoſt kild my ſelfe: vp Miles liſt how they rumble.

Head. Time was.

Miles. Well frier Bacon, you ſpent your ſeuen yeares ſtudie well that can make your Head ſpeake but two wordes at once, Time was: yea marie, time was when my maiſter was a wiſe man, but that was before he began to make the Braſen-head, you ſhall lie while your arce ake and your Head ſpeake no better: well I will watch and walke vp and downe, and be a Perepatetian and a Philoſopher of Ariſtotles ſtampe, what a freſhe noiſe, take thy piſtols in hand Miles.

Heere the Head ſpeakes and a lightning flaſheth forth, and a hand appeares that breaketh down the Head with a hammer.

Head. Time is paſt.

Miles. Maiſter maiſter, vp, hels broken looſe, your Head ſpeakes, and theres ſuch a thunder and lightning, that I warrant all Oxford is vp in armes, out of your bed and take a browne bill

in

in your hand, the latter day is come.

Bacon. Miles I come, oh paſsing warily watcht,
Bacon will make thee next himſelfe in loue,
When ſpake the Head?

Miles. When ſpake the Head, did not you ſay that hee ſhould tell ſtrange principles of Philoſophie, why ſir it ſpeaks but two wordes at a time.

Bacon. Why villaine hath it ſpoken oft.

Miles. Oft, I marie hath it thrice: but in all thoſe three times it hath vttered but ſeuen wordes.

Bacon. As how

Miles. Marrie ſir, the firſt time he ſaid, Time is, as if Fabius *cumentator* ſhould haue pronounſt a ſentence, he ſaid Time was, and the third time with thunder and lightning, as in great choller, he ſaid Time is paſt.

Bacon. Tis paſt indeed, a villaine time is paſt,
My life, my fame, my glorie, all are paſt:
Bacon, the turrets of thy hope are ruind downe,
Thy ſeuen yeares ſtudie lieth in the duſt:
Thy Brazen-head lies broken through a ſlaue
That watcht, and would not when the Head did will,
What ſaid the Head firſt.

Miles. Euen ſir, Time is,

Bacon. Villaine if thou hadſt cald to Bacon then,
If thou hadſt watcht and wakte the ſleepie frier,
The Brazen-head had vttered Aphoriſmes,
And England had been circled round with braſſe,
But proud Aſtmeroth ruler of the North,
And Demegorgon maiſter of the fates,
Grudge that a mortall man ſhould worke ſo much,
Hell trembled at my deepe commanding ſpels,
Fiendes frownd to ſee a man their ouermatch,
Bacon might boſt more than a man might boaſt:
But now the braues of Bacon hath an end,
Europes conceit of Bacon hath an end:
His ſeuen yeares practiſe ſorteth to ill end:

And villaine ſith my glorie hath an end,
I will appoint thee fatall to ſome end,
Villaine auoid, get thee from Bacons ſight:
Vagrant go rome and range about the world,
And periſh as a vagabond on earth.

Miles. Why then ſir you forbid me your ſeruice.

Bacon. My ſeruice villaine with a fatall curſe,
That direfull plagues and miſchiefe fall on thee.

Miles. Tis no matter I am againſt you with the old prouerb, The more the fox is curſt the better he fares: God be with you ſir, Ile take but a booke in my hand, a wide ſleeued gowne on my backe, and a crowned cap on my head, and ſee if I can want promotion.

Bacon. Some fiend or ghoſt haunt on thy wearie ſteps,
Vntill they doe tranſport thee quicke to hell,
For Bacon ſhall haue neuer merrie day,
To looſe the fame and honour of his Head. *Exit.*

Enter Empereur, Caſtile, Henrie, Ellinor, Edward, Lacie, Raphe.

Emper. Now louely Prince the prince of Albions wealth,
How fares the ladie Ellinor and you:
What haue you courted and found Caſtile fit,
To anſwer England in equiuolence
Wilt be a match twixt bonny Nell and thee.

Ed. Should Paris enter in the courts of Greece,
And not lie fettered in faire Hellens lookes,
Or Phœbus ſcape thoſe piercing amorits,
That Daphne glaunſed at his deitie:
Can Edward then ſit by a flame and freeze,
Whoſe heat puts Hellen and faire Daphne downe,
Now Monarcks aske the ladie if we gree.

Hen. What madam hath my ſon found grace or no.

Ellinor. Seeing my lord his louely counterfeit,
And hearing how his minde and ſhape agreed,

I come not troopt with all this warlike traine,
Doubting of loue, but ſo effectionat
As Edward hath in England what he wonne in Spaine.

Caſtile. A match my lord, theſe wantons needes muſt loue,
Men muſt haue wiues and women will be wed,
Lets haſt the day to honour vp the rites.

Raphe. Sirha Harry, ſhall Ned marry Nell.

Henry. I Raphe, how then.

Raphe. Marrie Harrie follow my counſaile, ſend for frier Bacon to marrie them, for heele ſo coniure him and her with his Nigromancie, that they ſhall loue togither like pigge and lambe whileſt they liue.

Caſtile. But hearſt thou Raphe, art thou content to haue Ellinor to thy ladie.

Raphe. I ſo ſhe will promiſe me two things.

Caſtile. Whats that Raphe.

Raphe. That ſhee will neuer ſcold with Ned nor fight with me, Sirha Harry I haue put her downe with a thing vnpoſsible.

Henry. Whats that Raphe.

Raphe. Why Harrie didſt thou euer ſee that a woman could both hold her tongue and her handes, no but when egge-pies growes on apple-trees, then will thy gray mare prooue a bag-piper.

Emperour. What ſaies the lord of Caſtile and the earle of Lincolne, that they are in ſuch earneſt and ſecret talke.

Caſtile. I ſtand my lord amazed at his talke
How he diſcourſeth of the conſtancie,
Of one ſurnam'd fot beauties excellence,
The faire maid of merrie Freſingfield.

Henrie. Tis true my lord, tis wondrous for to heare,
Her beautie paſsing Marces parramour:
Her virgins right as rich as Veſtas was,
Lacie and Ned hath told me miracles.

Caſtile. What ſaies lord Lacie, ſhall ſhe be his wife.

Lacie. Or els lord Lacie is vnfit to liue,
May it pleaſe your highneſſe giue me leaue to poſt

To Fresingfield Ile fetch the bonny girle,
And proove in true apparance at the court
What I haue vouched often with my tongue.
Henrie. Lacie, go to the quirie of my stable,
And take such coursers as shall fit thy turne,
Hie thee to Fresingfield and bring home the lasse,
And for her fame flies through the English coast,
If it may please the ladie Ellinor,
One day shall match your excellence and her.
Ellinor. We Castile ladies are not very coy,
Your highnesse may command a greater boone,
And glad were I to grace the Lincolne earle
With being partner of his marriage day.
Edward. Gramercie Nell for I do loue the lord,
As he thats second to my selfe in loue.
Raphe. You loue her, madam Nell, neuer beleeue him you though he sweares he loues you.
Ellinor. Why Raphe.
Raphe. Why his loue is like vnto a tapsters glasse that is broken with euery tutch, for he loued the faire maid of Fresingfield once out of all hoe, nay Ned neuer wincke vpon me, I care not I.
Hen. Raphe tels all, you shall haue a good secretarie of him,
But Lacie haste thee post to Fresingfield:
Eor ere thou hast fitted all things for her state,
The solemne marriage day will be at hand.
Lacie. I go my lord. *Exit Lacie.*
Emperour. How shall we passe this day my lord.
Henrie. To horse my lord, the day is passing faire,
Weele flie the partridge or go rouse the deere,
Follow my lords, you shall not want for sport.
Exeunt.

Enter frier Bacon with frier Bungay to his cell.

Bungay. What meanes the frier that frolickt it of late,
To sit as melancholie in his cell:

To ſit as melancholie in his cell,
As if he had neither loſt nor wonne to day.

Bacon. Ah Bungay my Brazen-head is ſpold,
My glorie gone, my ſeuen yeares ſtudie loſt:
The fame of Bacon bruted through the world,
Shall end and periſh with this deepe diſgrace.

Bungay. Bacon hath built foundation on his fame,
So ſurely on the wings of true report,
With acting ſtrange and vncoth miracles,
As this cannot infringe what he deſerues.

Bacon. Bungay ſit down, for by proſpectiue skill,
I find this day ſhall fall out ominous,
Some deadly act ſhall tide me ere I ſleep:
But what and wherein little can I geſſe.

Bungay. My minde is heauy what ſo ere ſhall hap.

Enter two ſchollers, ſonnes to Lambert and Serlby.

Knocke.

Bacon. Whoſe that knockes.

Bungay. Two ſchollers that deſires to ſpeake with you.

Bac. Bid thē come in, Now my youths what would you haue?

1. *Sholler.* Sir we are Suffolke men and neighbouring friends,
Our fathers in their countries luſtie ſquires,
Their lands adioyne, in Crackfield mine doth dwell,
And his in Laxfield, we are colledge mates,
Sworne brothers as our fathers liues as friendes.

Bacon. To what end is ail this.

2. *Scholler.* Hearing your worſhip kept within your cell
A glaſſe proſpectiue wherin men might ſee,
What ſo their thoughts or hearts deſire could wiſh,
We come to know how that our fathers fare.

Bacon. My glaſſe is free for euery honeſt man,
Sit downe and you ſhall ſee ere long,
How or in what ſtate your friendly father liues,
Meane while tell me your names.

Lambert. Mine Lambert.

2. *Scholler.* And mine Serlsbie.

Bacon. Bungay, I ſmell there will be a tragedie.

Enter Lambert and Serlsbie, with Rapiers and daggers.

Lambert. Serlsby thou haſt kept thine houre like a man,
Th'art worthie of the title of a ſquire:
That durſt for proofe of thy affection,
And for thy miſtreſſe fauour prize thy bloud,
Thou knowſt what words did paſſe at Freſingfield,
Such ſhameleſſe braues as manhood cannot brooke:
I for I skorne to beare ſuch piercing taunts,
Prepare thee Serlsbie one of vs will die.

Serlsbie. Thou ſeeſt I ſingle thee the field,
And what I ſpake, Ile maintaine with my ſword:
Stand on thy guard I cannot ſcold it out.
And if thou kill me, thinke I haue a ſonne,
That liues in Oxford in the Brodgates hall,
Who will reuenge his fathers bloud with bloud.

Lambert. And Serlsbie I haue there a luſty boy,
That dares at weapon buckle with thy ſonne,
And liues in Broadgates too as well as thine,
But draw thy Rapier for weele haue about.

Bacon. Now luſtie yonkers looke within the glaſſe,
And tell me if you can diſcerne your fires.

1. *Scol.* Serlsbie tis hard, thy father offers wrong,
To combat with my father in the field.

2. *Schol.* Lambert thou lieſt, my fathers is the abuſe,
And thou ſhalt find it, if my father harme.

Bungay. How goes it ſirs.

1. *Scholler.* Our fathers are in combat hard by Freſingfield.

Bacon. Sit ſtill my friendes and ſee the euent.

Lambert. Why ſtandſt thou *Serlsbie* doubtſt thou of thy life,
A venie man, faire Margret craues ſo much.

Serlbie. Then this for her.

1. *Scholler.* Ah well thruſt.

2. *Scholler.* But marke the ward.

They fight and kill ech other.

Lambert. Oh I am ſlaine.
Serlbie. And I, Lord haue mercie on me.
1. *Scholler.* My father ſlaine, Serlby ward that.

The two ſchollers ſtab on another.

2. *Scholler.* And ſo is mine Lambert, Ile quite thee well.
Bungay. O ſtrange ſtrattagem.
Bacon. See Frier where the fathers both lie dead.
Bacon thy magicke doth effect this maſſacre:
This glaſſe proſpectiue worketh manie woes,
And therefore ſeeing theſe braue luſtie brutes,
Theſe friendly youths did periſh by thine art,
End all thy magicke and thine art at once:
The poniard that did end the fatall liues,
Shall breake the cauſe efficiat of their woes,
So fade the glaſſe, and end with it the ſhowes,
That Nigromancie did infuſe the chriſtall with.

He breakes the glaſſe.

Bung. What means learned Bacon thus to breake his glaſſe.
Bacon. I tell thee *Bungay* it repents me ſore,
That euer Bacon medled in this art,
The houres I haue ſpent in piromanticke ſpels,
The fearefull toſsing in the lateſt night,
Of papers full of Nigromanticke charmes,
Coniuring and adiuring diuels and fiends,
With ſtole and albe and ſtrange Pentaganon,
The wreſting of the holy name of God,
As Sother, Elaim, and Adonaie,
Alpha, Manoth, and Tetragramiton,
With praying to the fiue-fould powers of heauen,
Are inſtances that Bacon muſt be damde,
For vſing diuels to counteruaile his God.

Yet Bacon cheere thee, drowne not in deſpaire,
Sinnes haue their ſalues repentance can do much,
Thinke mercie ſits where Iuſtice holds her ſeate,
And from thoſe wounds thoſe bloudie Iews did pierce
Which by thy magicke oft did bleed a freſh,
From thence for thee the dew of mercy drops,
To waſh the wrath of hie Iehouahs ire,
And make thee as a new borne babe from ſinne,
Bungay Ile ſpend the remnant of my life
In pure deuotion praying to my God,
That he would ſaue what Bacon vainly loſt. *Exit.*

Enter Margret in Nuns apparrell, Keeper, her father, and their friend.

Keep. Margret be not ſo headſtrong in theſe vows,
Oh burie not ſuch beautie in a cell:
That England hath held famous for the hue,
Thy fathers haire like to the ſiluer bloomes:
That beautifie the ſhrubs of Affrica
Shall fall before the dated time of death,
Thus to forgoe his louely Margret.

Margret. A father when the hermonie of heauen,
ſoundeth the meaſures of a liuely faith:
The vaine Illuſions of this flattering world,
Seemes odious to the thoughts of Margret,
I loued once, lord Lacie was my loue,
And now I hate my ſelfe for that I lovd,
And doated more on him than on my God:
For this I ſcourge my ſelfe with ſharpe repents,
But now the touch of ſuch aſpiring ſinnes
Tels me all loue is luſt but loue of heauens:
That beautie vſde for loue is vanitie,
The world containes nought but alluring baites:
Pride, flatterie, and inconſtant thoughts,
To ſhun the pricks of death I leaue the world,

And vow to meditate on heauenly bliſſe,
To liue in Framingham a holy Nunne,
Holy and pure in conſcience and in deed:
And for to wiſh all maides to learne of me,
To ſeeke heauens ioy before earths vanitie.

Friend. And will you then Margret be ſhorn a Nunne, and ſo leaue vs all.

Margret. Now farewell world the engin of all woe,
Farewell to friends and father, welcome Chriſt:
Adew to daintie robes, this baſe attire
Better befits an humble minde to God,
Than all the ſhew of rich abilliments,
Loue, oh Loue, and with fond Loue farewell,
Sweet Lacie whom I loued once ſo deere,
Euer be well, but neuer in my thoughts,
Leaſt I offend to thinke on Lacies loue:
But euen to that as to the reſt farewell.

Enter Lacie, Warrain, Ermsbie, booted and ſpurd.

Lacie. Come on my wags weere neere the keepers lodge,
Heere haue I oft walkt in the watrie Meades,
And chatted with my louely Margret.

Warraine. Sirha Ned, is not this the keeper.

Lacie. Tis the ſame.

Ermsbie. The old lecher hath gotton holy mutton to him a Nunne my lord.

Lacie. Keeper how fareſt thou holla man, what cheere,
How doth Peggie thy daughter and my loue.

Keeper. Ah good my lord, oh wo is me for Pegge,
See where ſhe ſtands clad in her Nunnes attire,
Readie for to be ſhorne in Framingham:
She leaues the world becauſe ſhe left your loue,
Oh good my lord perſwade her if you can.

Lacie. Why how now Margret, what a malecontent,
A Nunne, what holy father taught you this,
To taske your ſelfe to ſuch a tedious life,
As die a maid, twere iniurie to me.

To smother vp such bewtie in a cell.

Margret. Lord Lacie thinking of thy former misse,
How fond the prime of wanton yeares were spent
In loue, Oh fie vppon that fond conceite,
Whose hap and essence hangeth in the eye,
I leaue both loue and loues content at once,
Betaking me to him that is true loue,
And leauing all the world for loue of him.

Lacie. Whence Peggie comes this Metamorphosis,
What shorne a Nun, and I haue from the court,
Posted with coursers to conuaie thee hence,
To Windsore, where our Mariage shalbe kept,
Thy wedding robes are in the tailors hands,
Come Peggy leaue these peremptorie vowes.

Margret. Did not my lord resigne his interest,
And make diuorce twixt Margret and him?

Lacy. Twas but to try sweete Peggies constancie,
But will faire Margret leaue her loue and Lord?

Margret. Is not heauens ioy before earths fading blisse,
And life aboue sweeter than life in loue,

Lacie. Why then Margret will be shorne a Nun,

Marg. Margret hath made a vow which may not be reuokt.

Warraine. We cannot stay my Lord, and if she be so strict,
Our leisure graunts vs not to woo a fresh.

Ermsby. Choose you faire damsell, yet the choise is yours,
Either a solemne Nunnerie, or the court,
God, or Lord Lacie, weich contents you best,
To be a Nun, or els Lord Lacies wife.

Lacie. A good motion, Peggie your answere must be short.

Margret. The flesh is frayle, my Lord doth know it well,
That when he comes with his inchanting face,
What so ere betyde I cannot say him nay,
Off goes the habite of a maidens heart,
And seeing Fortune will, faire Fremingham,
And all the shew of holy Nuns farewell,
Lacie for me, if he wilbe my lord.

Lacie. Peggie thy Lord, thy loue, thy husband,
Truſt me, by truth of knighthood, that the King
Staies for to marry matchles Ellinour,
Vntil I bring thee richly to the court,
That one day may both marry her and thee,
How ſaiſt thou Keeper art thou glad of this?

Keeper. As if the Engliſh King had giuen
The parke and deere of Friſingfield to me.

Erms. I pray thee my Lord of Suſſex why art thou in a broune ſtudy?

Warraine. To ſee the nature of women, that be they neuer ſo neare God, yet they loue to die in a mans armes.

Lacie. What haue you fit for breakefaſt? we haue hied and poſted all this night to Friſingfield.

Margret. Butter and cheeſe and humbls of a Deere,
Such as poore Keepers haue within their lodge.

Lacie. And not a bottle of wine?

Margret. Weele find one for my Lord.

Lacie. Come Suſſex lets in, we ſhall haue more, for ſhe ſpeaks leaſt, to hold her promiſe ſure. *Exeunt.*

Enter a denill to ſeeke Miles.

Deuill. How reſtles are the ghoſts of helliſh ſpirites,
When euerie charmer with his Magick ſpels
Cals vs from nine-fold trenched Blegiton,
To ſcud and ouer-ſcoure the earth in poſt,
Vpon the ſpeedie wings of ſwifteſt winds,
Now Bacon hath raiſd me from the darkeſt deepe,
To ſearch about the world for Miles his man,
For Miles, and to torment his laſie bones,
For careles watchidg of his Braſen head,
See where he comes, Oh he is mine.

Enter Miles with a gowne and a corner cap.

Miles. A ſcholler quoth you, marry ſir I would I had bene made

a botlemaker when I was made a ſcholler, for I can get neither to be a Deacon, Reader, nor Schoolemaiſter, no, not the clarke of a pariſh, ſome call me dunce, another ſaith my head is as full of Latine as an egs full of oatemeale, thus I am tormented that the deuil and Frier Bacon, haunts me, good Lord heers one of my maiſters deuils, Ile goe ſpeake to him, what maiſter Plutus, how chere you?

Deuill. Dooſt thou know me?

Miles. Know you ſir, why are not you one of my maiſters deuils, that were wont to come to my maiſter Doctor Bacon, at Brazen-noſe?

Deuil. Yes marry am I.

Miles. Good Lord M. Plutus I haue ſeene you a thouſand times at my maiſters and yet I had neuer the manners to make you drinke, but ſir, I am glad to ſee how conformable you are to the ſtatute, I warrant you heeſas yeomanly a man, as you ſhall ſee, marke you maiſters, heers a plaine honeſt man, without welt or garde, but I pray you ſir do you come lately from hel?

Deuil. I marry how then,

Miles. Faith tis a place I haue deſired long to ſee, haue you not good tipling houſes there, may not a man haue a luſtie fier there, a pot of good ale, a paire of cardes, a ſwinging peece of chalke, and a browne toaſt that will clap a white waſtcoat on a cup of good drinke?,

Deuil. All this you may haue there.

Miles. You are for me freinde, and I am for you, but I pray you, may I not haue an office there?

Deuil. Yes a thouſand, what wouldſt thou be?

Miles. By my troth ſir in a place where I may profit my ſelfe, I know hel is a hot place, and men are meruailous drie, and much drinke is ſpent there, I would be a tapſter.

Deuil. Thou ſhalt.

Miles, Theres nothing lets me from going with you, but that tis a long iourney, and I haue neuer a horſe.

Deuil. Thou ſhalt ride on my backe.

Miles. Now ſurely hers a courteous deuil, that for to plea-

ſure

ſure his friende wil not ſtick to make a iade of himſelfe, but I pray you goodman friend let me moue a queſtion to you.

Deuil. Whats that?

Miles. I pray you whether is your pace a trot or an amble?

Deuil. An amble.

Miles. Tis well, but take heede it be not a trot,
But tis no matter Ile preuent it.

Deuil. What dooſt?

Miles. Marry friend I put on my ſpurs, for if I find your pace either a trot or els vneaſie, Ile put you to a falſe gallop, Ile make you feele the benefit of my ſpurs.

Deuil. Get vp vpon my back.

Miles. Oh Lord heres euen a goodly meruaile, when a man rides to hell on the Deuils backe. *Exeunt* roring.

Enter the Emperour with a pointles ſword, next the King of Caſtile, carrying a ſword with a point, Lacie carying the globe Ed. Warr. carrying a rod of gold with a doue on it, Ermsby with a crowne and Scepter, The queene with the faire maide of Friſingfield on her left hand, Henry, Bacon with other Lords attending.

Edward. Great potentates earths miracles for ſtate,
Thinke that prince Edward humbles at your feet,
And for theſe fauours on his martiall ſword,
He vowes perpetuall homage to your ſelues,
Yeelding theſe honours vnto Ellinour.

Henrie. Gramercies Lordlings, old Plantagenet,
That rules and ſwayes the Albion diademe,
With teares diſcouers theſe conceaued ioyes,
And vowes requitall, if his men at armes,
The wealth of England, or due honours done
To Ellinour, may quite his fauorites.
But all this while what ſay you to the Dames,
That ſhine like to the criſtall lampes of heauen?

Emperour. If but a third were added to these two
They did surpasse those gorgeous images,
That gloried Ida with rich beauties wealth.
Margret. Tis I my lords who humbly on my knee,
Must yelde her orisons to mightie Ioue,
For lifting vp his handmaide to this state,
Brought from her homely cottage to the court,
And graste with Kings Princes and Emperours,
To whom (next to the noble Lincolne Earle)
I vowe obedience, and such humble loue,
As may a handmaid to such mightie men.
Ellinour. Thou martiall man that wears the Almaine crowne,
And you the westerne Potentates of might,
The Albian Princesse, Englisn Edwards wife,
Prowde that the louely star of Frisingfield,
Faire Margret, Countesse to the Lincolne Earle,
Attendes on Ellinour, gramercies Lord for her,
Tis I giue thanks for Margret to you all,
And rest for her due bounden to your selues.
Henrie. Seeing the marriage is solemnised,
Lets martch in triumph to the royall feast,
But why stands Frier Bacon here so mute?
Bacon. Repentant for the follies of my youth,
That Magicks secreat misteries misled,
And ioyfull that this roiall marriage,
Portendes such blisse vnto this matchles realme.
Hen. Why Bacon what straunge euẽt shall happẽ to this land
Or what shall grow from Edward and his Queene.
Bacon. I find by deepe præscience of mine art,
Which once I tempred in my secreat cell,
That here where Brute did build his Troynouant,
From forth the royall garden of a King,
Shall flowrish out, so rich and faire a bud,
Whose brightnesse shall deface proude Phœbus flowre,
And ouer-shadow Albion with her leaues.
Til then, Mars shall be maister of the field,

But then the ſtormie threats of wars ſhall ceaſe,
The horſe ſhall ſtampe as careles of the pike,
Drums ſhallbe turnd to timbrells of delight,
With wealthy fauours, plentie ſhall enrich,
The ſtrond that gladded wandring Brute to ſee,
And peace from heauen ſhall harbour in theſe leaues,
That gorgeous beautifies this matchles flower,
Appollos Hellitropian then ſhall ſtoope,
And Venus hyacinth ſhall vaile her top,
Iuno ſhall ſhut her Gilliflowers vp,
And Pallace bay ſhall baſh her brighteſt greene,
Ceres carnation in conſort with thoſe,
Shall ſtoope and wonder at Dianas roſe.

Henrie. This Propheſie is myſticall,
But glorious commaunders of Europas loue,
That makes faire England like that wealthy Ile,
Circled with Gihen, and firſt Euphrates,
In royalliſing Henries Albion,
With preſence of your princelie mightines,
Lets march, the tables all are ſpread,
And viands ſuch as Englands wealth affoords,
Are ready ſet to furniſh out the boords,
You ſhall haue welcome mighty potentates,
It reſts to furniſh vp this royall feaſt,
Only your hearts be frolick for the time,
Craues that we taſt of nought but iouyſaunce,
Thus glories England ouer all the weſt. *Exeunt omnes.*

Finis Frier Bacon, made by Robert Greene, Maiſter of Arts.

Omne tulit punctum qui miſcuit vtile dulci.